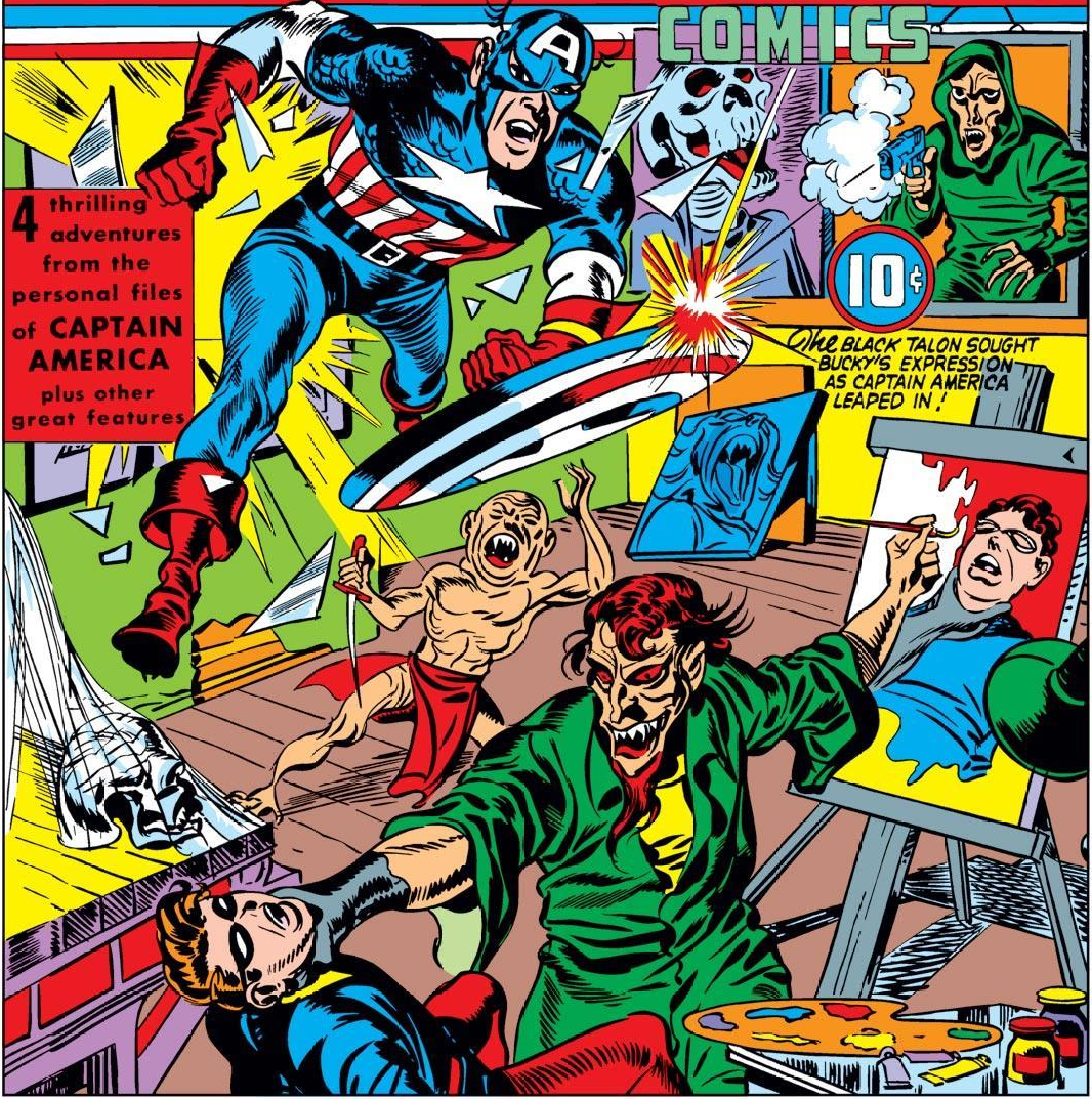
NO. 9

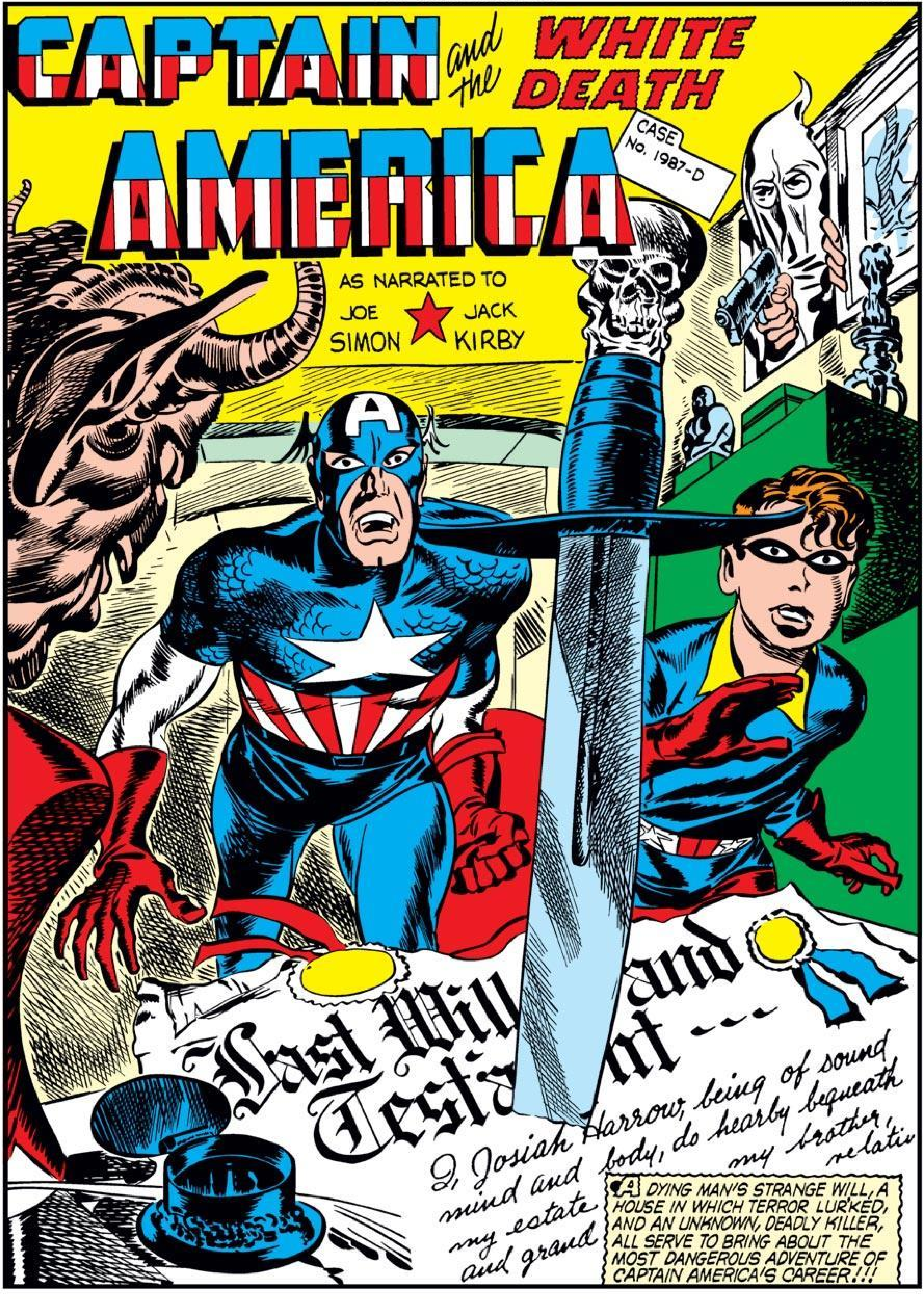
CAPTAIN AMERICA

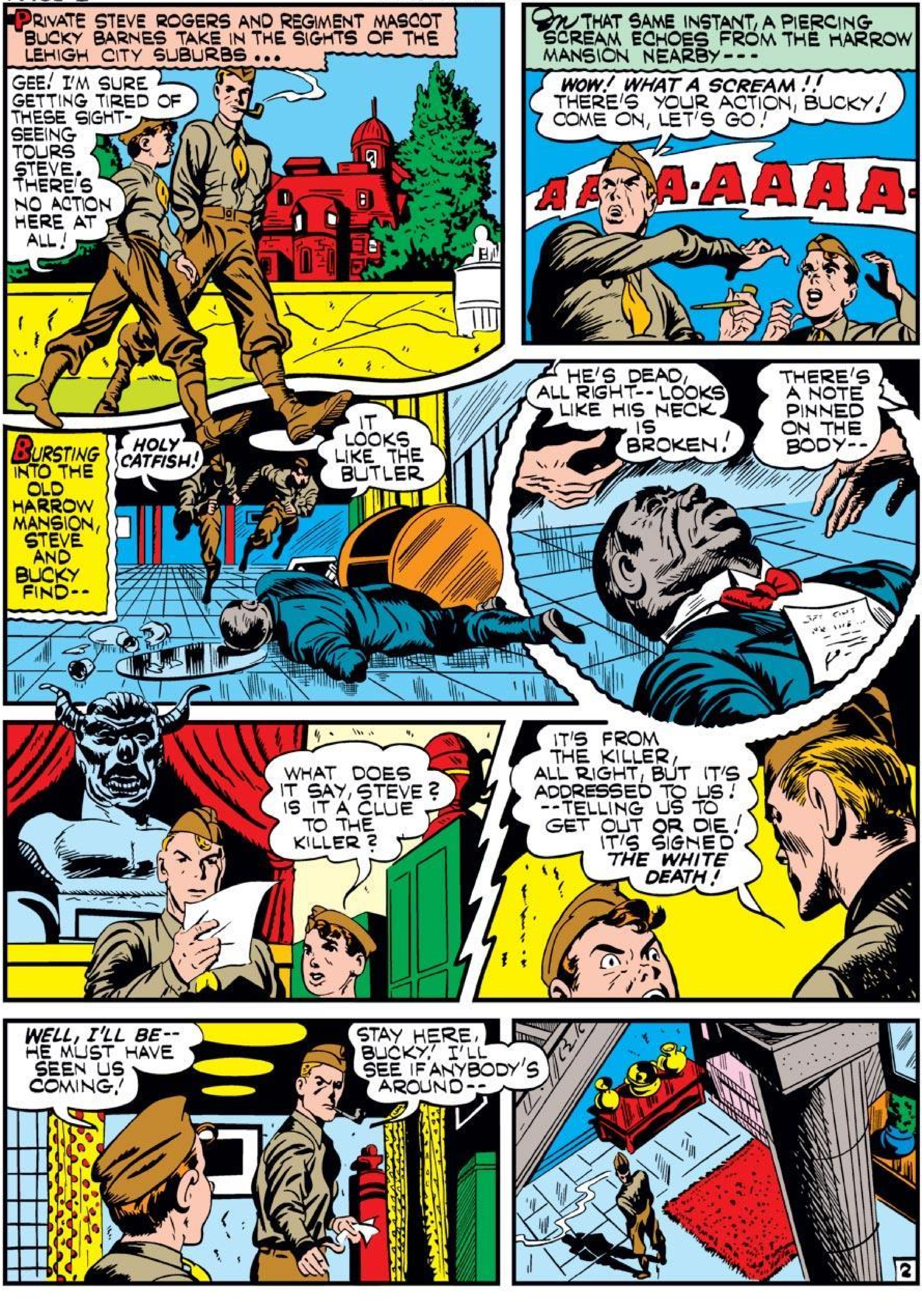
DECEMBER

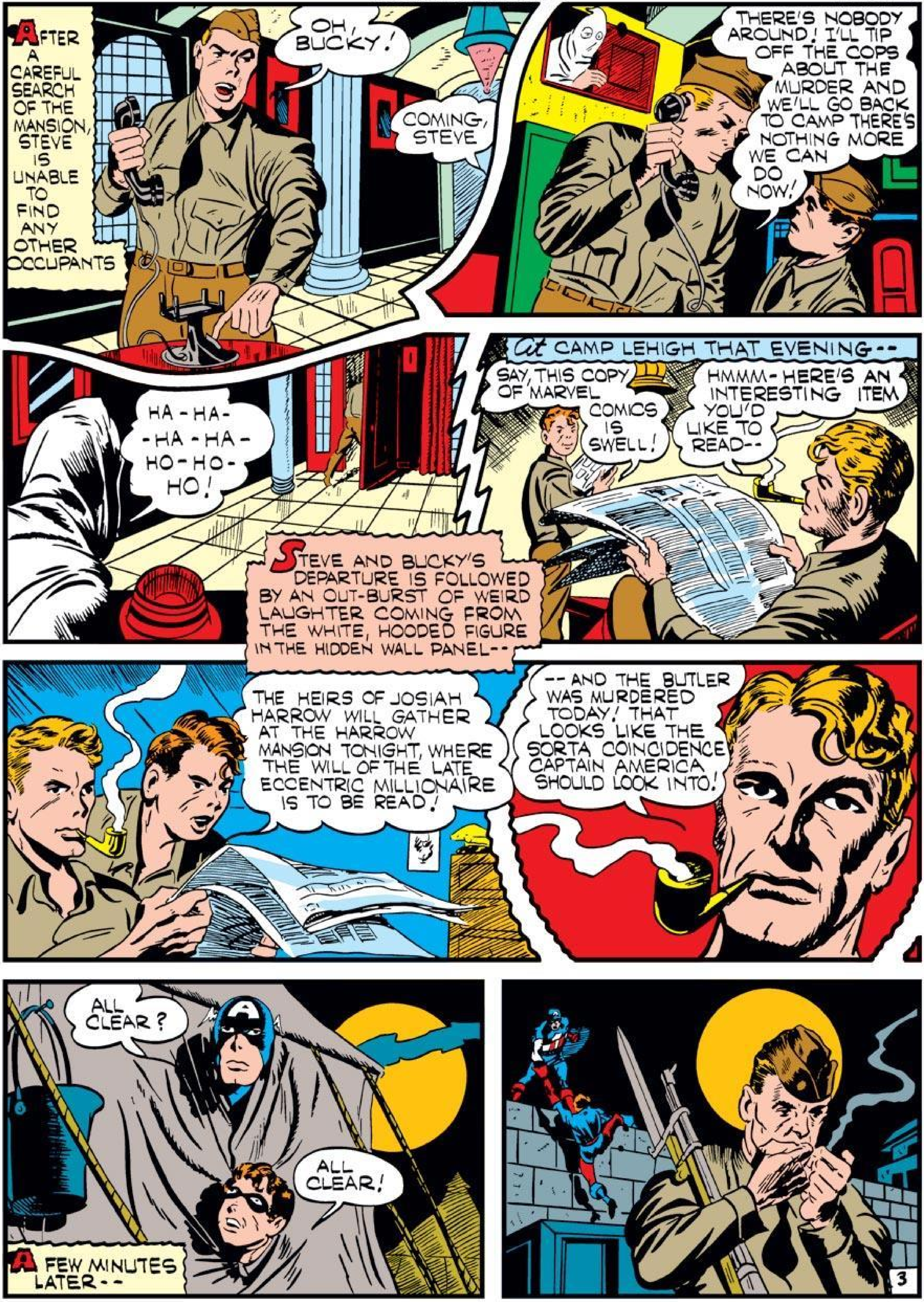
COMICS

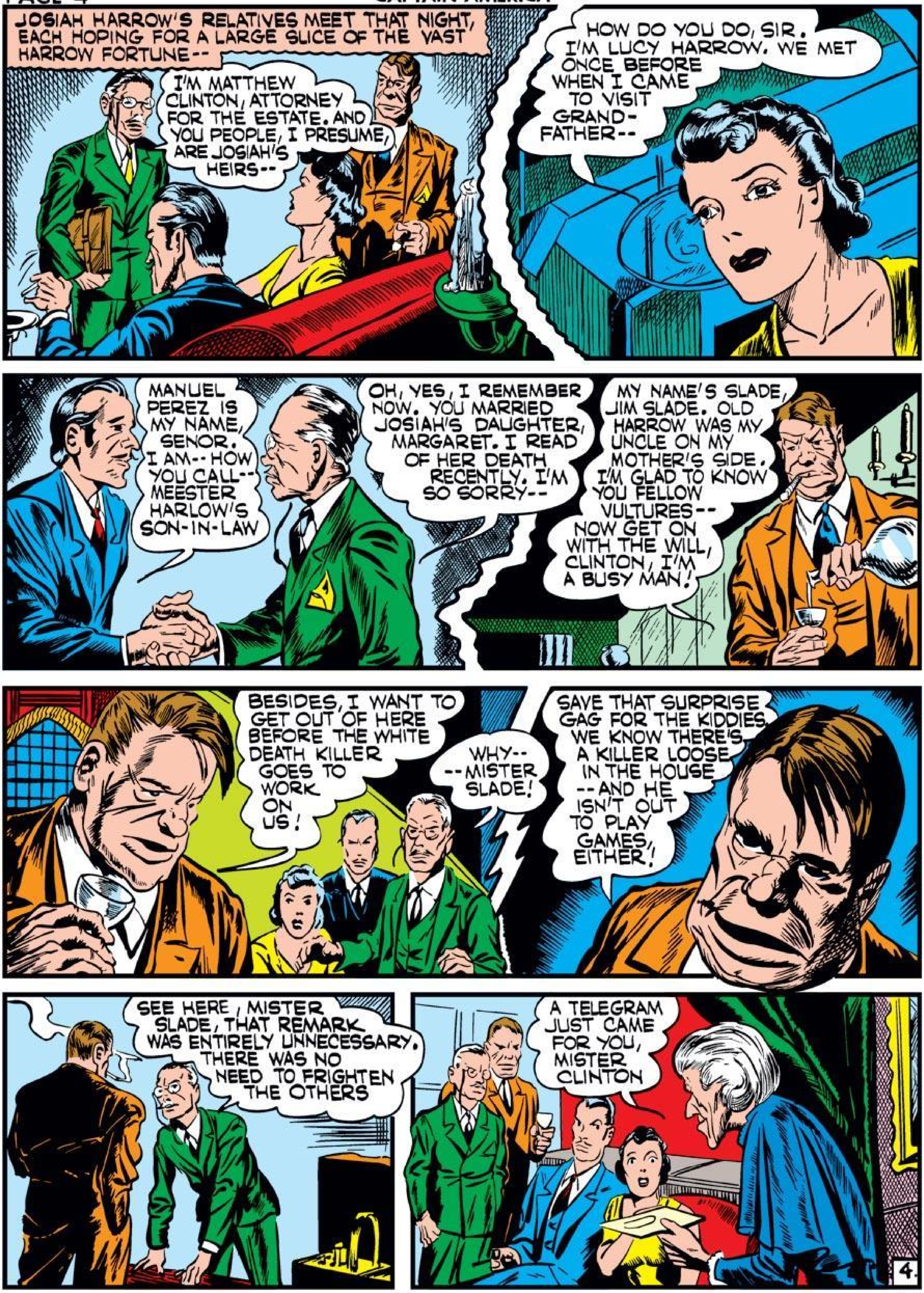

10¢
The BLACK TALON SOUGHT BUCKY'S EXPRESSION AS CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPED IN!

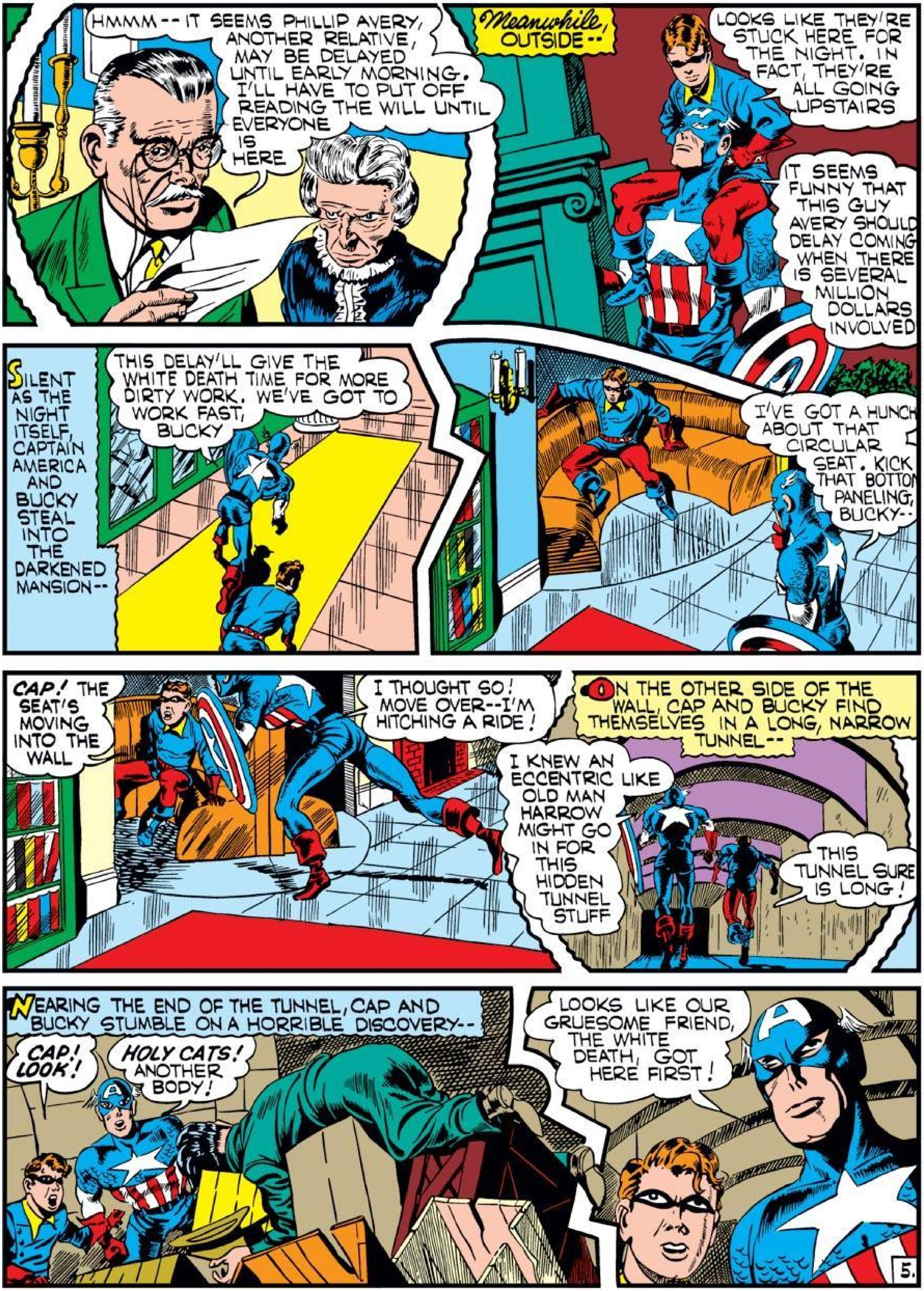
4 thrilling adventures from the personal files of **CAPTAIN AMERICA** plus other great features

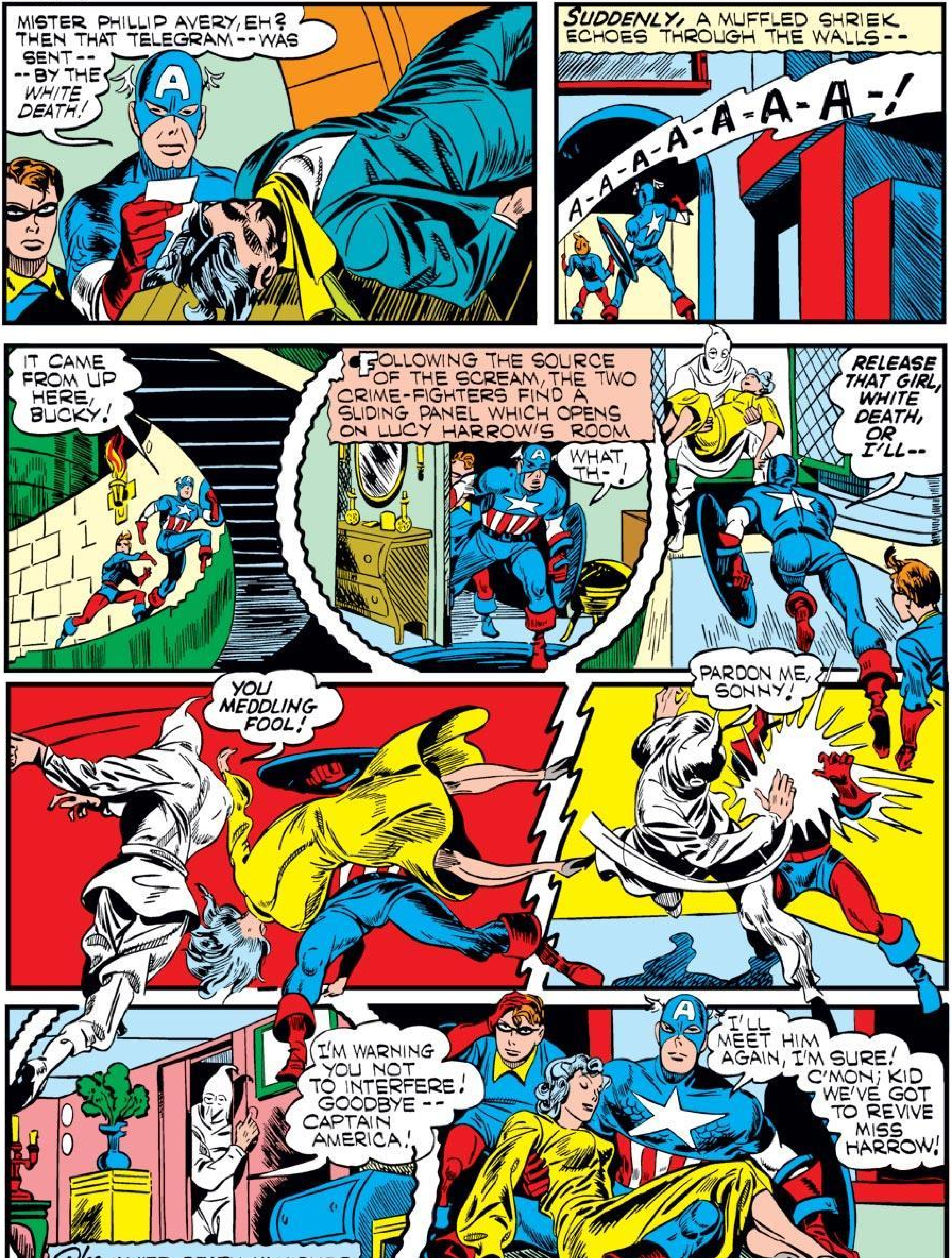

CAPTAIN AMERICA
and the WHITE DEATH
CASE No. 1987-D
AS NARRATED TO JOE SIMON ★ JACK KIRBY
Last Will and Testament ...
I, Josiah Harrow, being of sound mind and body, do hearby bequeath my estate my brother, relati and grand
A DYING MAN'S STRANGE WILL, A HOUSE IN WHICH TERROR LURKED, AND AN UNKNOWN, DEADLY KILLER, ALL SERVE TO BRING ABOUT THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CAREER!!!

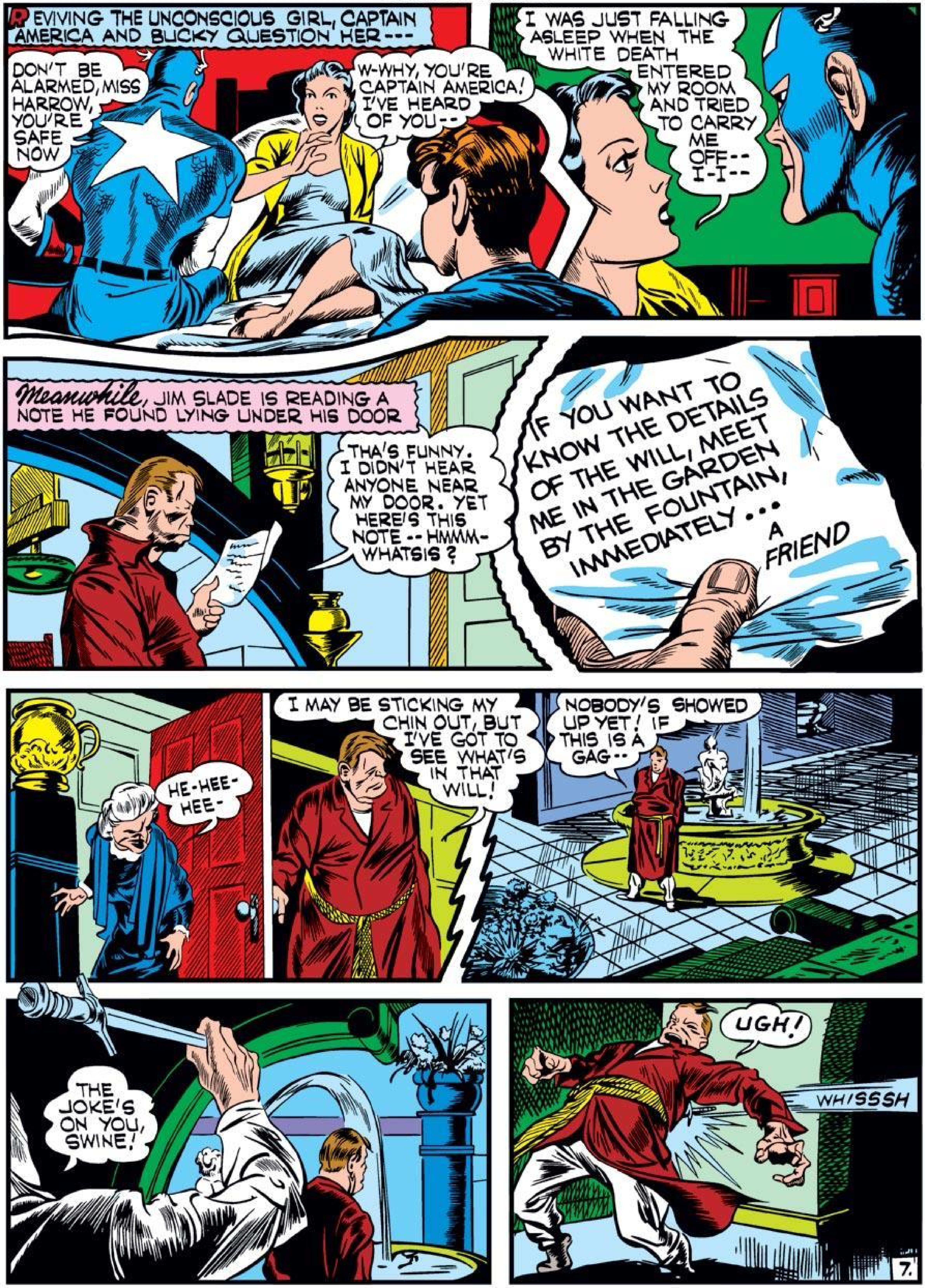

PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND REGIMENT MASCOT BUCKY BARNES TAKE IN THE SIGHTS OF THE LEHIGH CITY SUBURBS...
GEE! I'M SURE GETTING TIRED OF THESE SIGHT-SEEING TOURS STEVE. THERE'S NO ACTION HERE AT ALL!
ON THAT SAME INSTANT, A PIERCING SCREAM ECHOES FROM THE HARROW MANSION NEARBY---
WOW! WHAT A SCREAM!! THERE'S YOUR ACTION, BUCKY! COME ON, LET'S GO!
AAAA-AAAA-
BURSTING INTO THE OLD HARROW MANSION, STEVE AND BUCKY FIND--
HOLY CATFISH!
IT LOOKS LIKE THE BUTLER
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT-- LOOKS LIKE HIS NECK IS BROKEN!
THERE'S A NOTE PINNED ON THE BODY--
WHAT DOES IT SAY, STEVE? IS IT A CLUE TO THE KILLER?
IT'S FROM THE KILLER, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S ADDRESSED TO US! --TELLING US TO GET OUT OR DIE! IT'S SIGNED THE WHITE DEATH!
WELL, I'LL BE-- HE MUST HAVE SEEN US COMING!
STAY HERE, BUCKY! I'LL SEE IF ANYBODY'S AROUND--

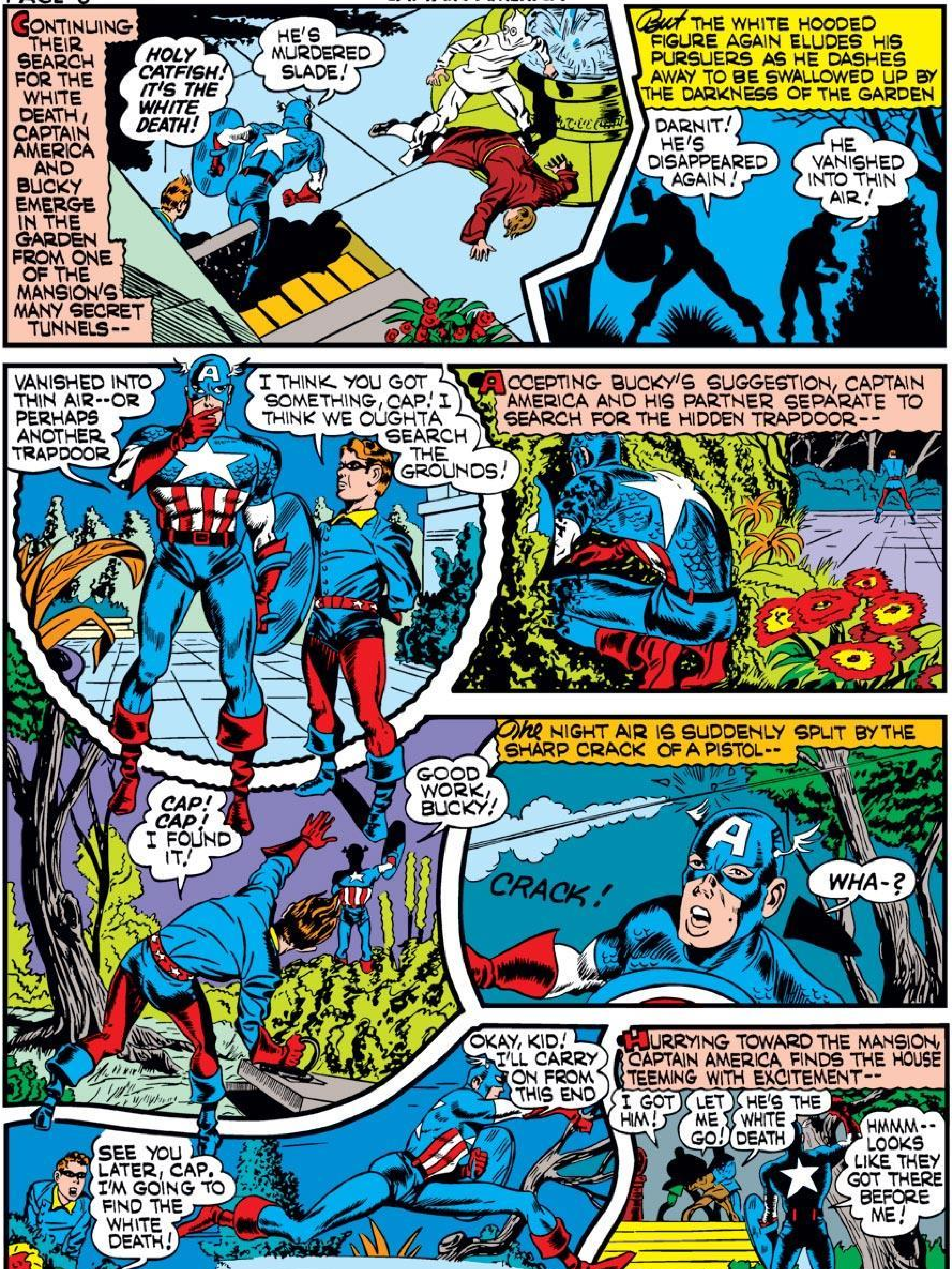

AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH OF THE MANSION, STEVE IS UNABLE TO FIND ANY OTHER OCCUPANTS
OH, BUCKY!
COMING, STEVE
THERE'S NOBODY AROUND! I'LL TIP OFF THE COPS ABOUT THE MURDER AND WE'LL GO BACK TO CAMP THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO NOW!
HA-HA- -HA-HA- HO-HO- HO!
STEVE AND BUCKY'S DEPARTURE IS FOLLOWED BY AN OUT-BURST OF WEIRD LAUGHTER COMING FROM THE WHITE, HOODED FIGURE IN THE HIDDEN WALL PANEL--
At CAMP LEHIGH THAT EVENING--
SAY, THIS COPY OF MARVEL COMICS IS SWELL!
HMMM- HERE'S AN INTERESTING ITEM YOU'D LIKE TO READ--
THE HEIRS OF JOSIAH HARROW WILL GATHER AT THE HARROW MANSION TONIGHT, WHERE THE WILL OF THE LATE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE IS TO BE READ!
--AND THE BUTLER WAS MURDERED TODAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SORTA COINCIDENCE CAPTAIN AMERICA SHOULD LOOK INTO!
ALL CLEAR?
ALL CLEAR!
A FEW MINUTES LATER--

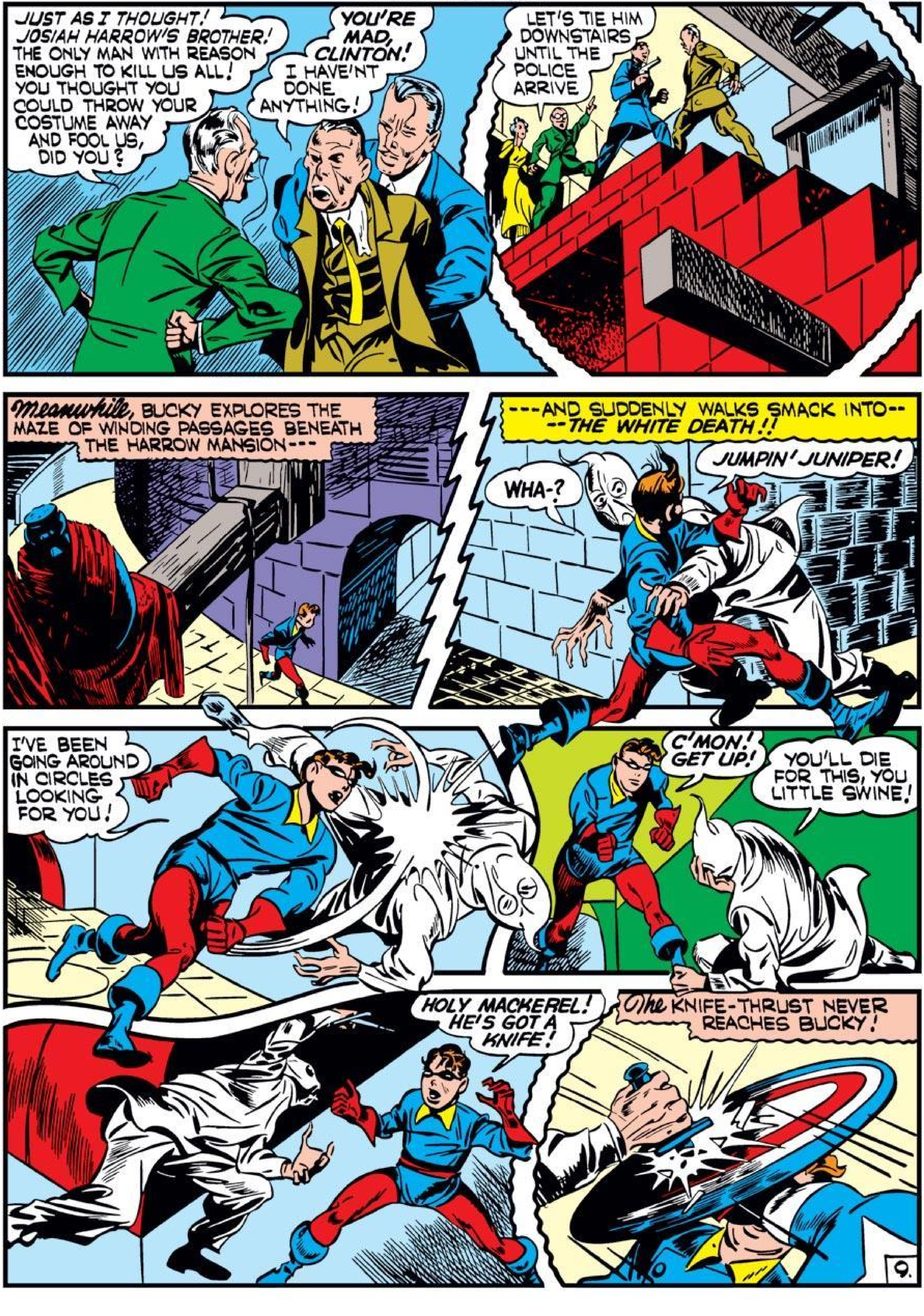

JOSIAH HARROW'S RELATIVES MEET THAT NIGHT, EACH HOPING FOR A LARGE SLICE OF THE VAST HARROW FORTUNE--
I'M MATTHEW CLINTON, ATTORNEY FOR THE ESTATE. AND YOU PEOPLE, I PRESUME, ARE JOSIAH'S HEIRS--
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR. I'M LUCY HARROW. WE MET ONCE BEFORE WHEN I CAME TO VISIT GRANDFATHER--
MANUEL PEREZ IS MY NAME, SENOR. I AM--HOW YOU CALL--MEESTER HARLOW'S SON-IN-LAW
OH, YES, I REMEMBER NOW. YOU MARRIED JOSIAH'S DAUGHTER, MARGARET. I READ OF HER DEATH RECENTLY. I'M SO SORRY--
MY NAME'S SLADE, JIM SLADE. OLD HARROW WAS MY UNCLE ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE. I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU FELLOW VULTURES--NOW GET ON WITH THE WILL, CLINTON, I'M A BUSY MAN!
BESIDES, I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE WHITE DEATH KILLER GOES TO WORK ON US!
WHY----MISTER SLADE!
SAVE THAT SURPRISE GAG FOR THE KIDDIES. WE KNOW THERE'S A KILLER LOOSE IN THE HOUSE--AND HE ISN'T OUT TO PLAY GAMES, EITHER!
SEE HERE, MISTER SLADE, THAT REMARK WAS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY. THERE WAS NO NEED TO FRIGHTEN THE OTHERS
A TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU, MISTER CLINTON
4.

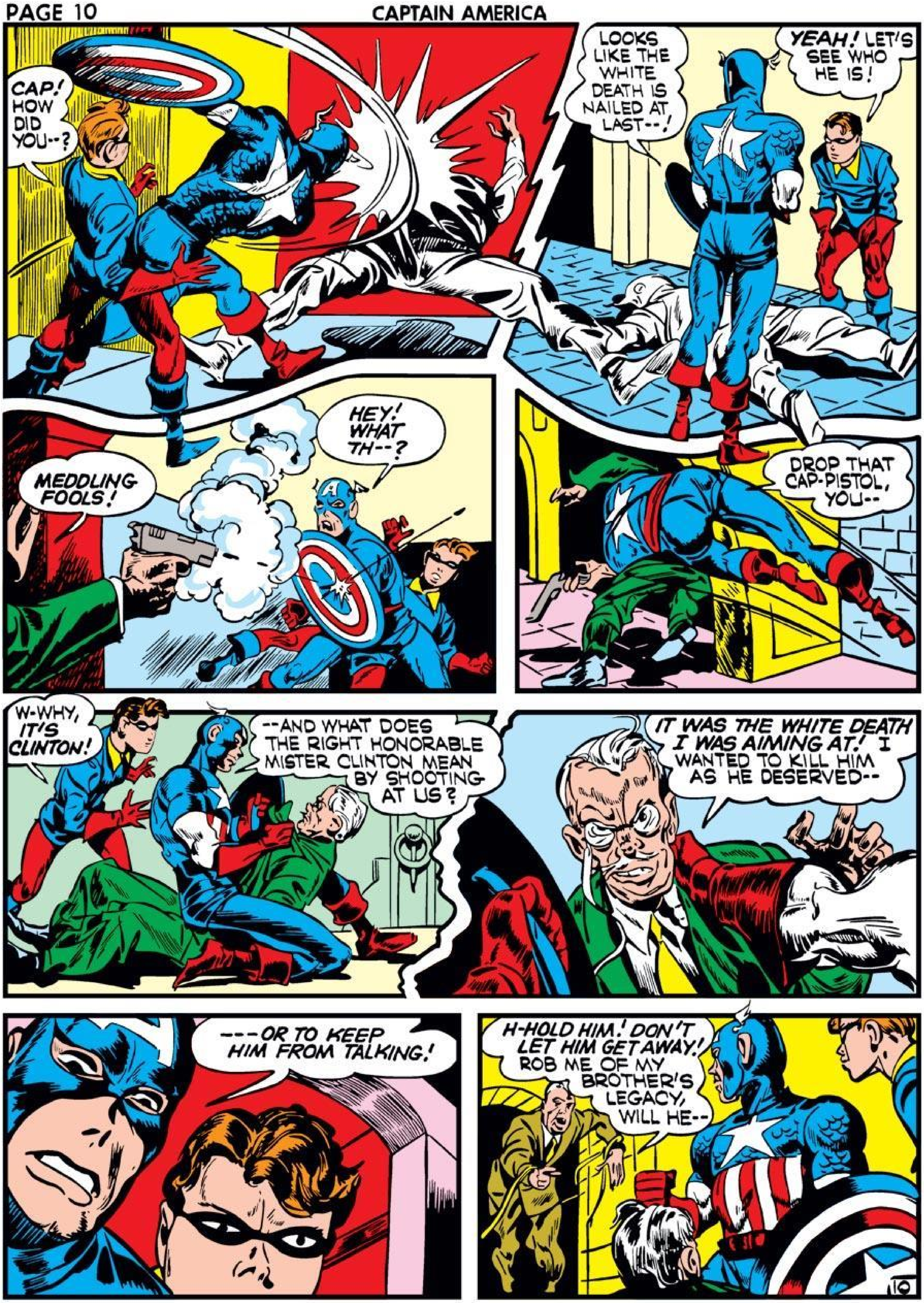

HMMM -- IT SEEMS PHILLIP AVERY, ANOTHER RELATIVE, MAY BE DELAYED UNTIL EARLY MORNING. I'LL HAVE TO PUT OFF READING THE WILL UNTIL EVERYONE IS HERE
Meanwhile, OUTSIDE --
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE STUCK HERE FOR THE NIGHT. IN FACT, THEY'RE ALL GOING UPSTAIRS
IT SEEMS FUNNY THAT THIS GUY AVERY SHOULD DELAY COMING WHEN THERE IS SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS INVOLVED
SILENT AS THE NIGHT ITSELF, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STEAL INTO THE DARKENED MANSION --
THIS DELAY'LL GIVE THE WHITE DEATH TIME FOR MORE DIRTY WORK. WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, BUCKY
I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT THAT CIRCULAR SEAT. KICK THAT BOTTOM PANELING, BUCKY --
CAP! THE SEAT'S MOVING INTO THE WALL
I THOUGHT SO! MOVE OVER -- I'M HITCHING A RIDE!
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, CAP AND BUCKY FIND THEMSELVES IN A LONG, NARROW TUNNEL --
I KNEW AN ECCENTRIC LIKE OLD MAN HARROW MIGHT GO IN FOR THIS HIDDEN TUNNEL STUFF
THIS TUNNEL SURE IS LONG!
NEARING THE END OF THE TUNNEL, CAP AND BUCKY STUMBLE ON A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY --
CAP! LOOK!
HOLY CATS! ANOTHER BODY!
LOOKS LIKE OUR GRUESOME FRIEND, THE WHITE DEATH, GOT HERE FIRST!
5.

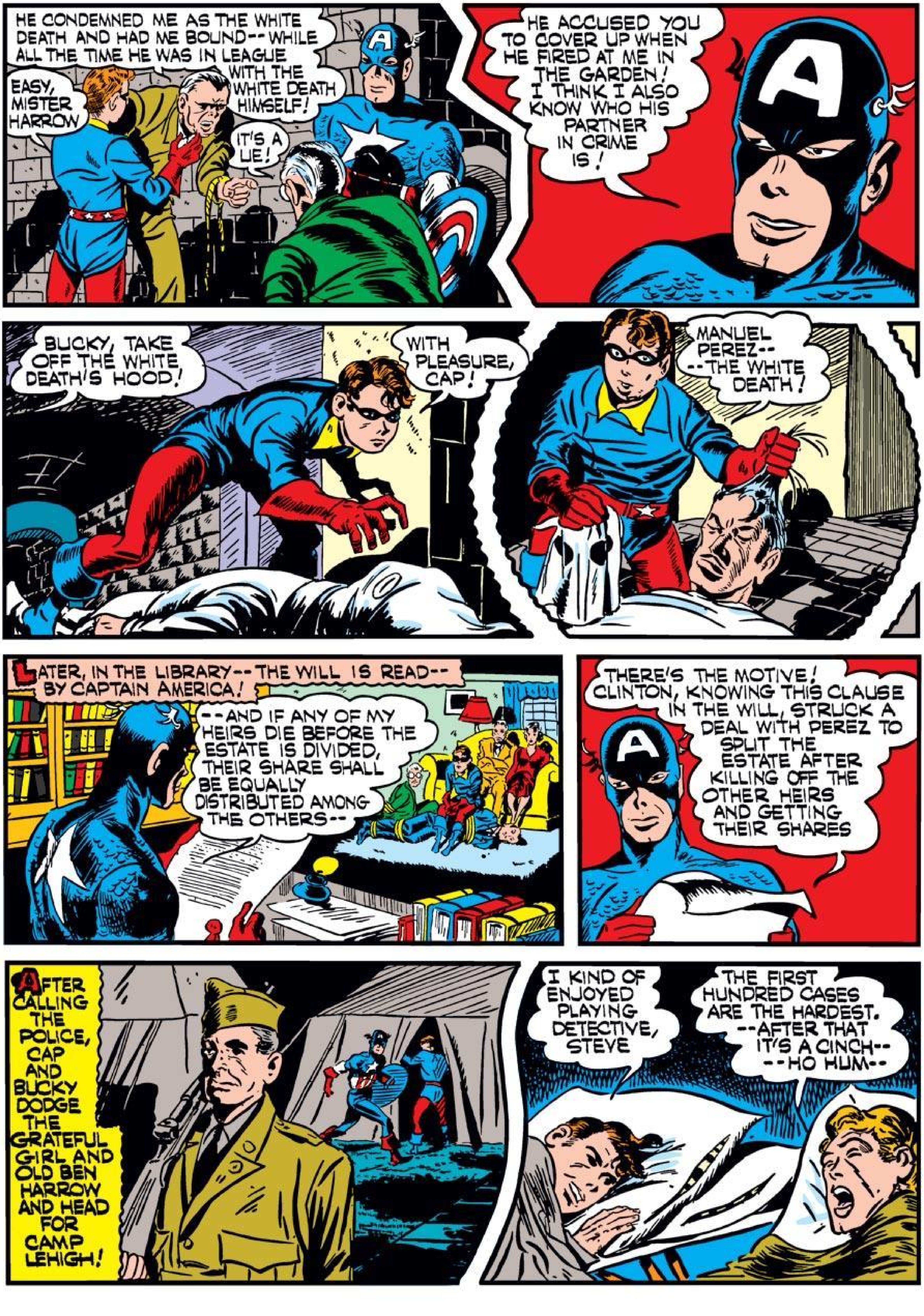

MISTER PHILLIP AVERY, EH? THEN THAT TELEGRAM -- WAS SENT -- -- BY THE WHITE DEATH!
SUDDENLY, A MUFFLED SHRIEK ECHOES THROUGH THE WALLS --
A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-!
IT CAME FROM UP HERE, BUCKY!
FOLLOWING THE SOURCE OF THE SCREAM, THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS FIND A SLIDING PANEL WHICH OPENS ON LUCY HARROW'S ROOM
WHAT TH- !
RELEASE THAT GIRL, WHITE DEATH, OR I'LL --
YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
PARDON ME, SONNY!
I'M WARNING YOU NOT TO INTERFERE! GOODBYE -- CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'LL MEET HIM AGAIN, I'M SURE! C'MON, KID WE'VE GOT TO REVIVE MISS HARROW!
The WHITE DEATH VANISHES BEHIND ANOTHER SLIDING PANEL...
6

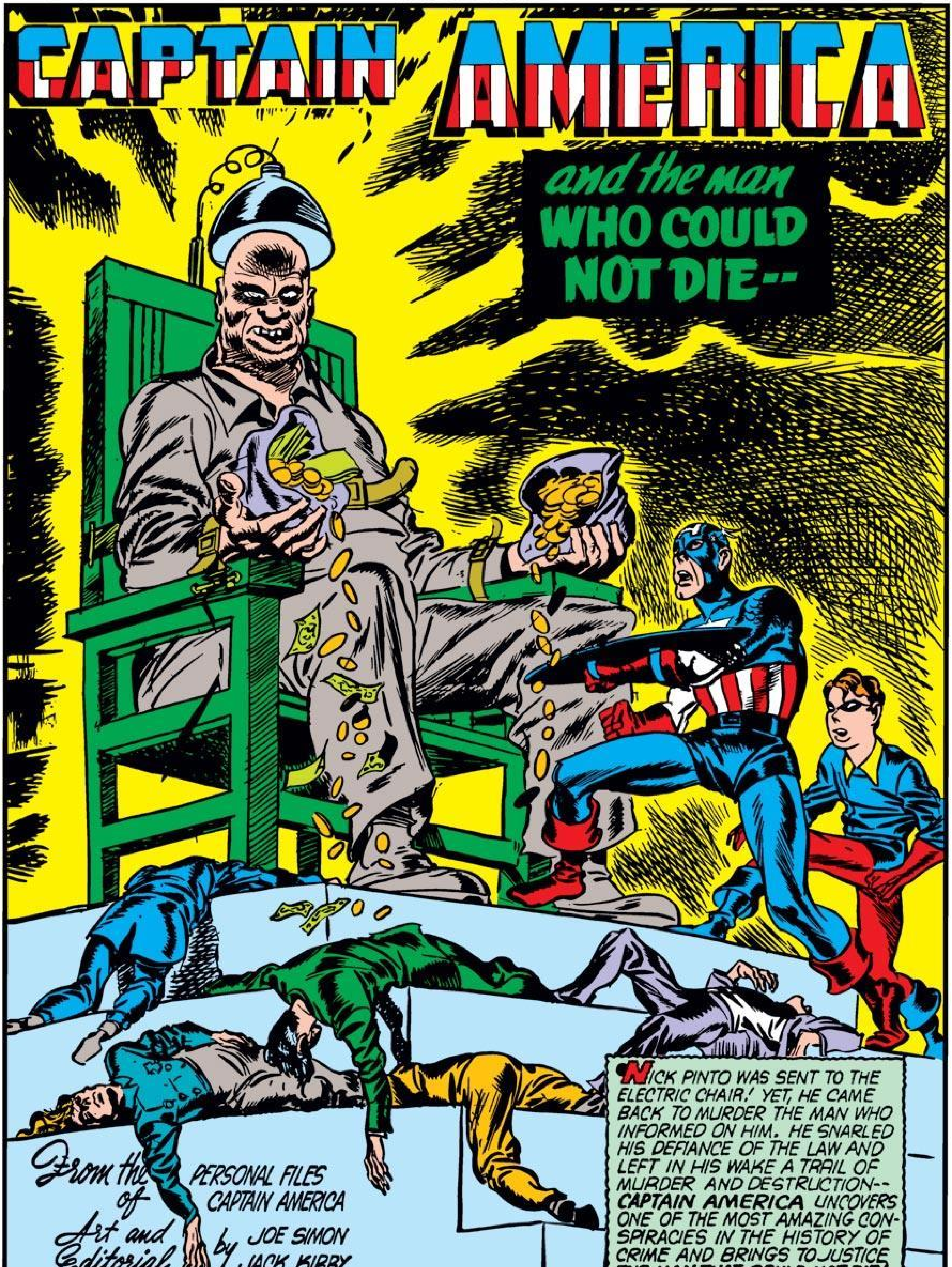

REVIVING THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY QUESTION HER---
DON'T BE ALARMED, MISS HARROW, YOU'RE SAFE NOW
W-WHY, YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'VE HEARD OF YOU--
I WAS JUST FALLING ASLEEP WHEN THE WHITE DEATH ENTERED MY ROOM AND TRIED TO CARRY ME OFF-- I-I--
Meanwhile, JIM SLADE IS READING A NOTE HE FOUND LYING UNDER HIS DOOR
THA'S FUNNY. I DIDN'T HEAR ANYONE NEAR MY DOOR. YET HERE'S THIS NOTE -- HMMM-WHATSIS ?
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE DETAILS OF THE WILL, MEET ME IN THE GARDEN BY THE FOUNTAIN, IMMEDIATELY... A FRIEND
HE-HEE-HEE-
I MAY BE STICKING MY CHIN OUT, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT WILL!
NOBODY'S SHOWED UP YET! IF THIS IS A GAG--
THE JOKE'S ON YOU, SWINE!
UGH!
WHISSSH
7.

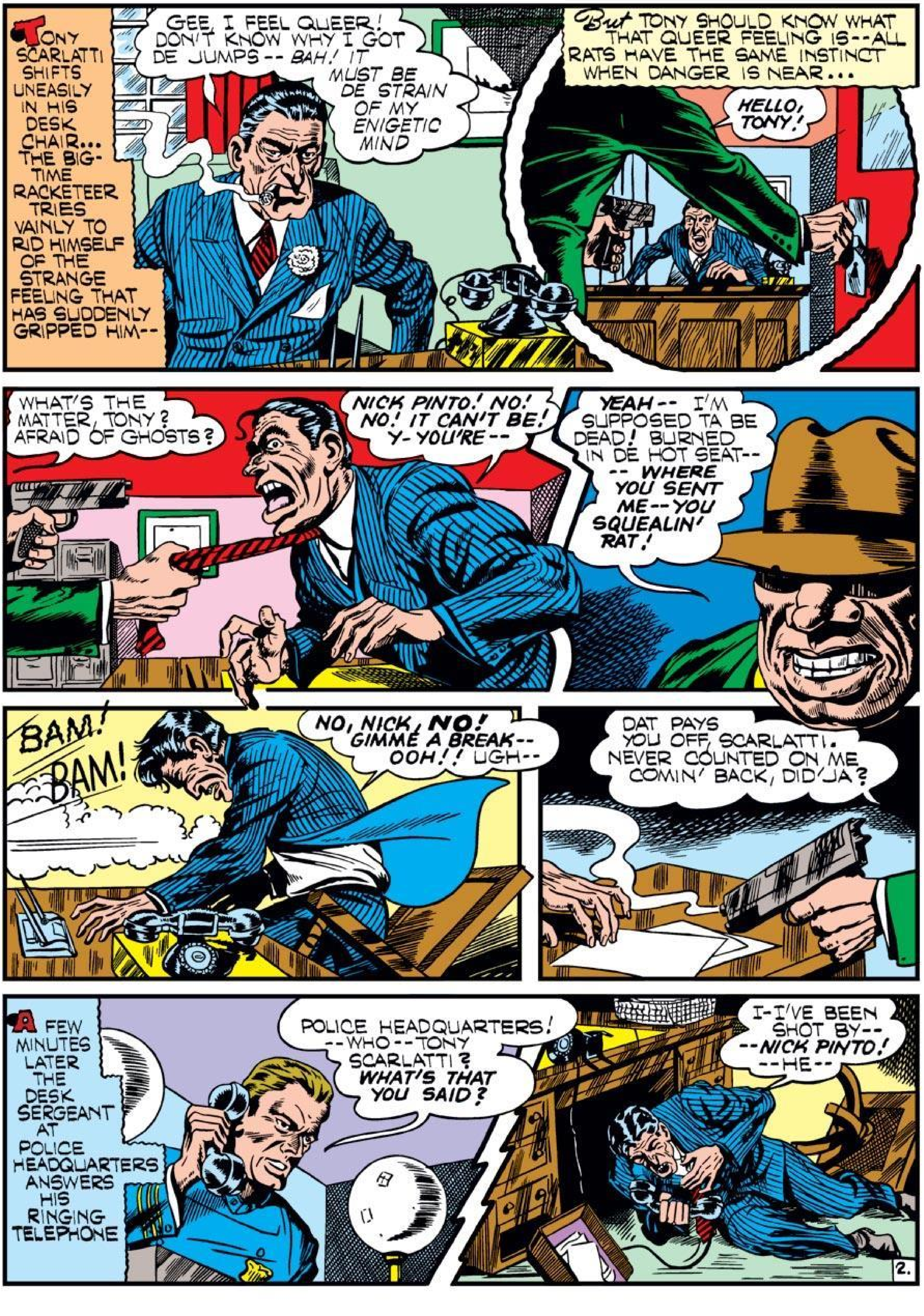

CONTINUING THEIR SEARCH FOR THE WHITE DEATH, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY EMERGE IN THE GARDEN FROM ONE OF THE MANSION'S MANY SECRET TUNNELS--
HOLY CATFISH! IT'S THE WHITE DEATH!
HE'S MURDERED SLADE!
BUT THE WHITE HOODED FIGURE AGAIN ELUDES HIS PURSUERS AS HE DASHES AWAY TO BE SWALLOWED UP BY THE DARKNESS OF THE GARDEN
DARNIT! HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
HE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
VANISHED INTO THIN AIR--OR PERHAPS ANOTHER TRAPDOOR
I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING, CAP! I THINK WE OUGHTA SEARCH THE GROUNDS!
ACCEPTING BUCKY'S SUGGESTION, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS PARTNER SEPARATE TO SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN TRAPDOOR--
CAP! CAP! I FOUND IT!
GOOD WORK, BUCKY!
THE NIGHT AIR IS SUDDENLY SPLIT BY THE SHARP CRACK OF A PISTOL--
CRACK!
WHA-?
OKAY, KID! I'LL CARRY ON FROM THIS END
SEE YOU LATER, CAP. I'M GOING TO FIND THE WHITE DEATH!
HURRYING TOWARD THE MANSION, CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS THE HOUSE TEEMING WITH EXCITEMENT--
I GOT HIM!
LET ME GO!
HE'S THE WHITE DEATH
HMMM-- LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT THERE BEFORE ME!
8

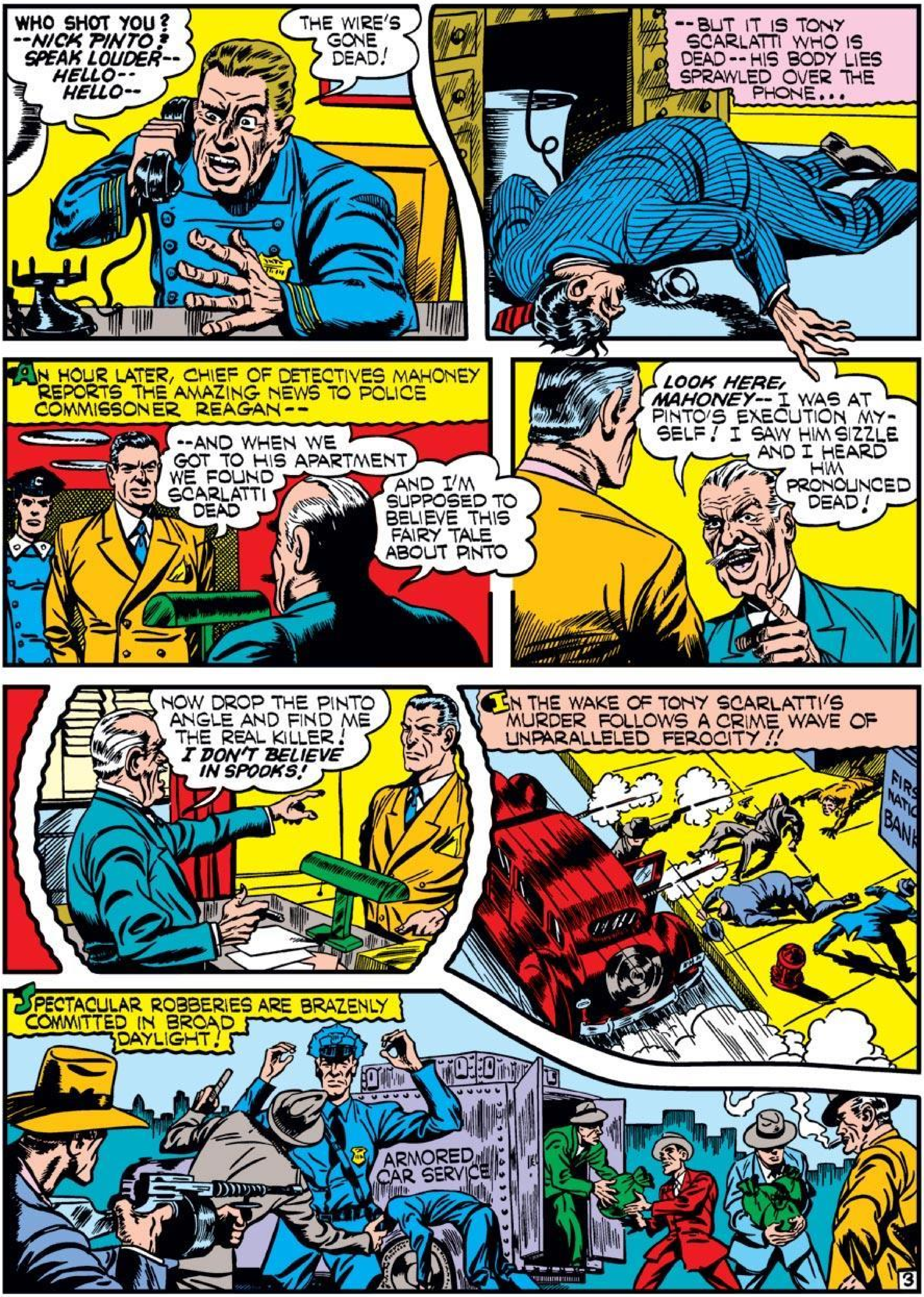

JUST AS I THOUGHT! JOSIAH HARROW'S BROTHER! THE ONLY MAN WITH REASON ENOUGH TO KILL US ALL! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD THROW YOUR COSTUME AWAY AND FOOL US, DID YOU?
YOU'RE MAD, CLINTON! I HAVE'NT DONE ANYTHING!
LET'S TIE HIM DOWNSTAIRS UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE
Meanwhile, BUCKY EXPLORES THE MAZE OF WINDING PASSAGES BENEATH THE HARROW MANSION---
---AND SUDDENLY WALKS SMACK INTO-- --THE WHITE DEATH!!
WHA-?
JUMPIN' JUNIPER!
I'VE BEEN GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES LOOKING FOR YOU!
C'MON! GET UP!
YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS, YOU LITTLE SWINE!
HOLY MACKEREL! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
The KNIFE-THRUST NEVER REACHES BUCKY!
9.

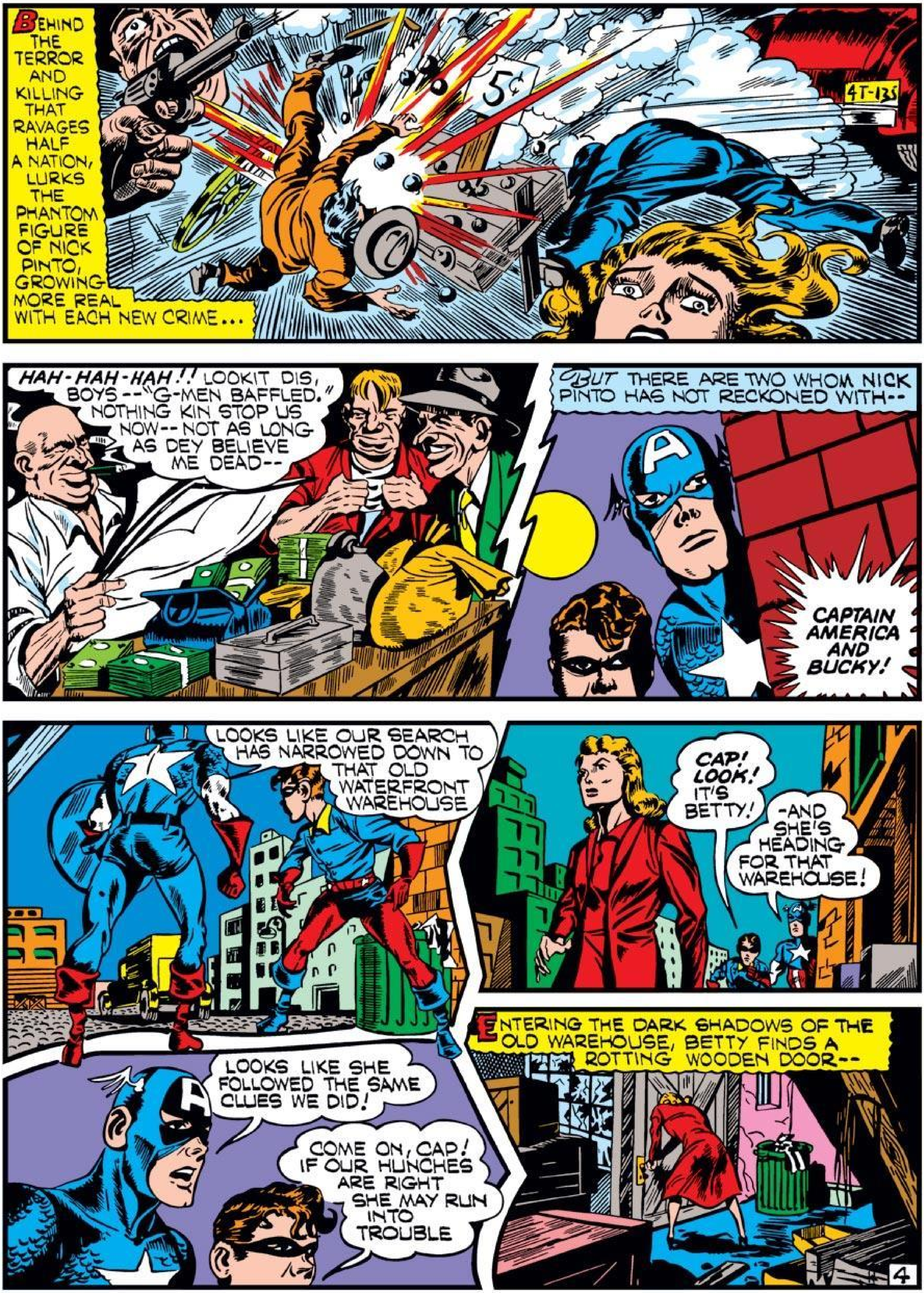

CAP! HOW DID YOU--?
LOOKS LIKE THE WHITE DEATH IS NAILED AT LAST--!
YEAH! LET'S SEE WHO HE IS!
MEDDLING FOOLS!
HEY! WHAT TH--?
DROP THAT CAP-PISTOL, YOU--
W-WHY, IT'S CLINTON!
--AND WHAT DOES THE RIGHT HONORABLE MISTER CLINTON MEAN BY SHOOTING AT US?
IT WAS THE WHITE DEATH I WAS AIMING AT! I WANTED TO KILL HIM AS HE DESERVED--
---OR TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING!
H-HOLD HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! ROB ME OF MY BROTHER'S LEGACY, WILL HE--
10

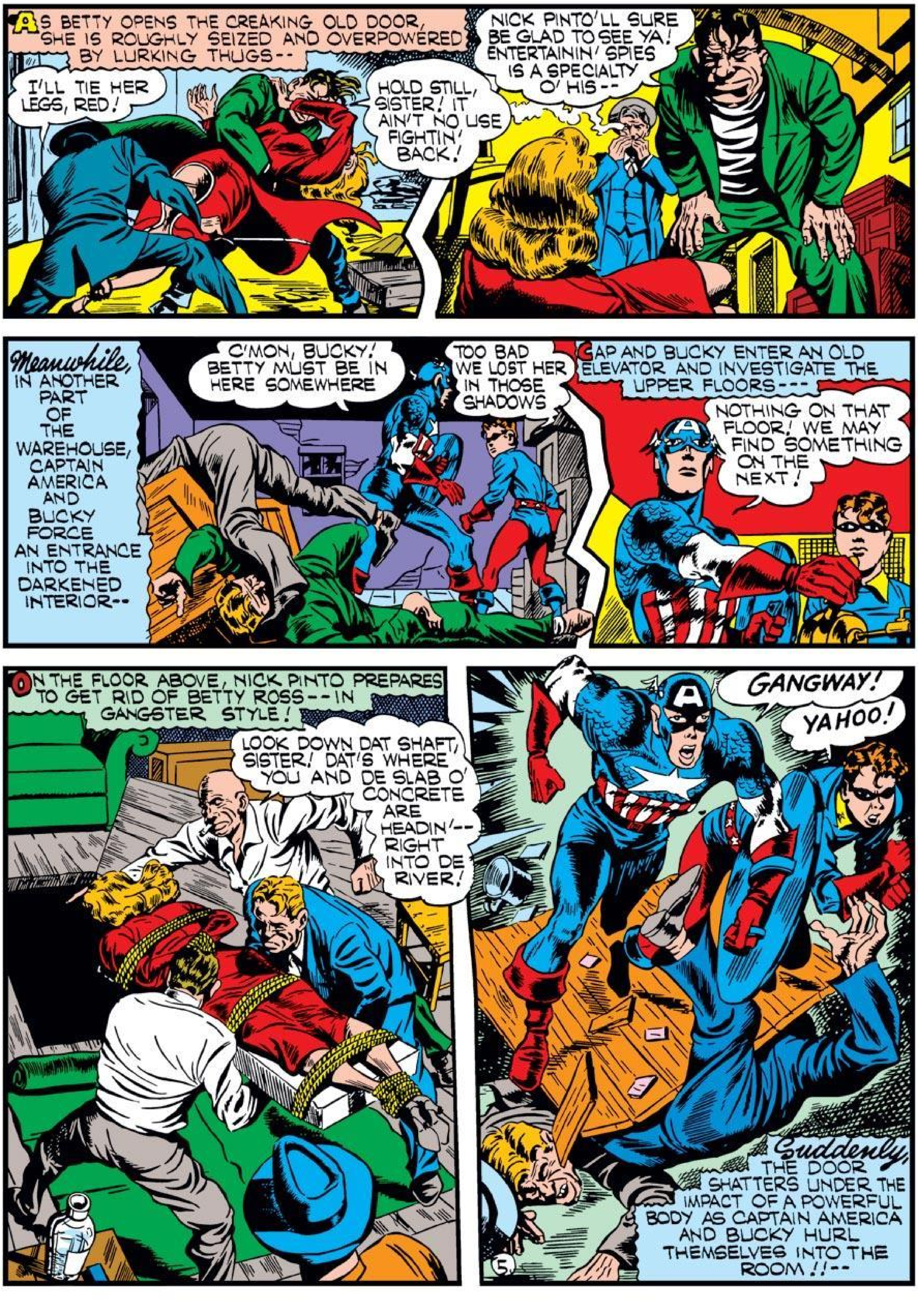

HE CONDEMNED ME AS THE WHITE DEATH AND HAD ME BOUND--WHILE ALL THE TIME HE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE WHITE DEATH HIMSELF!
EASY, MISTER HARROW
IT'S A LIE!
HE ACCUSED YOU TO COVER UP WHEN HE FIRED AT ME IN THE GARDEN! I THINK I ALSO KNOW WHO HIS PARTNER IN CRIME IS!
BUCKY, TAKE OFF THE WHITE DEATH'S HOOD!
WITH PLEASURE, CAP!
MANUEL PEREZ-- --THE WHITE DEATH!
LATER, IN THE LIBRARY--THE WILL IS READ--BY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
--AND IF ANY OF MY HEIRS DIE BEFORE THE ESTATE IS DIVIDED, THEIR SHARE SHALL BE EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE OTHERS--
THERE'S THE MOTIVE! CLINTON, KNOWING THIS CLAUSE IN THE WILL, STRUCK A DEAL WITH PEREZ TO SPLIT THE ESTATE AFTER KILLING OFF THE OTHER HEIRS AND GETTING THEIR SHARES
AFTER CALLING THE POLICE, CAP AND BUCKY DODGE THE GRATEFUL GIRL AND OLD BEN HARROW AND HEAD FOR CAMP LEHIGH!
I KIND OF ENJOYED PLAYING DETECTIVE, STEVE
THE FIRST HUNDRED CASES ARE THE HARDEST. --AFTER THAT IT'S A CINCH-- --HO HUM--

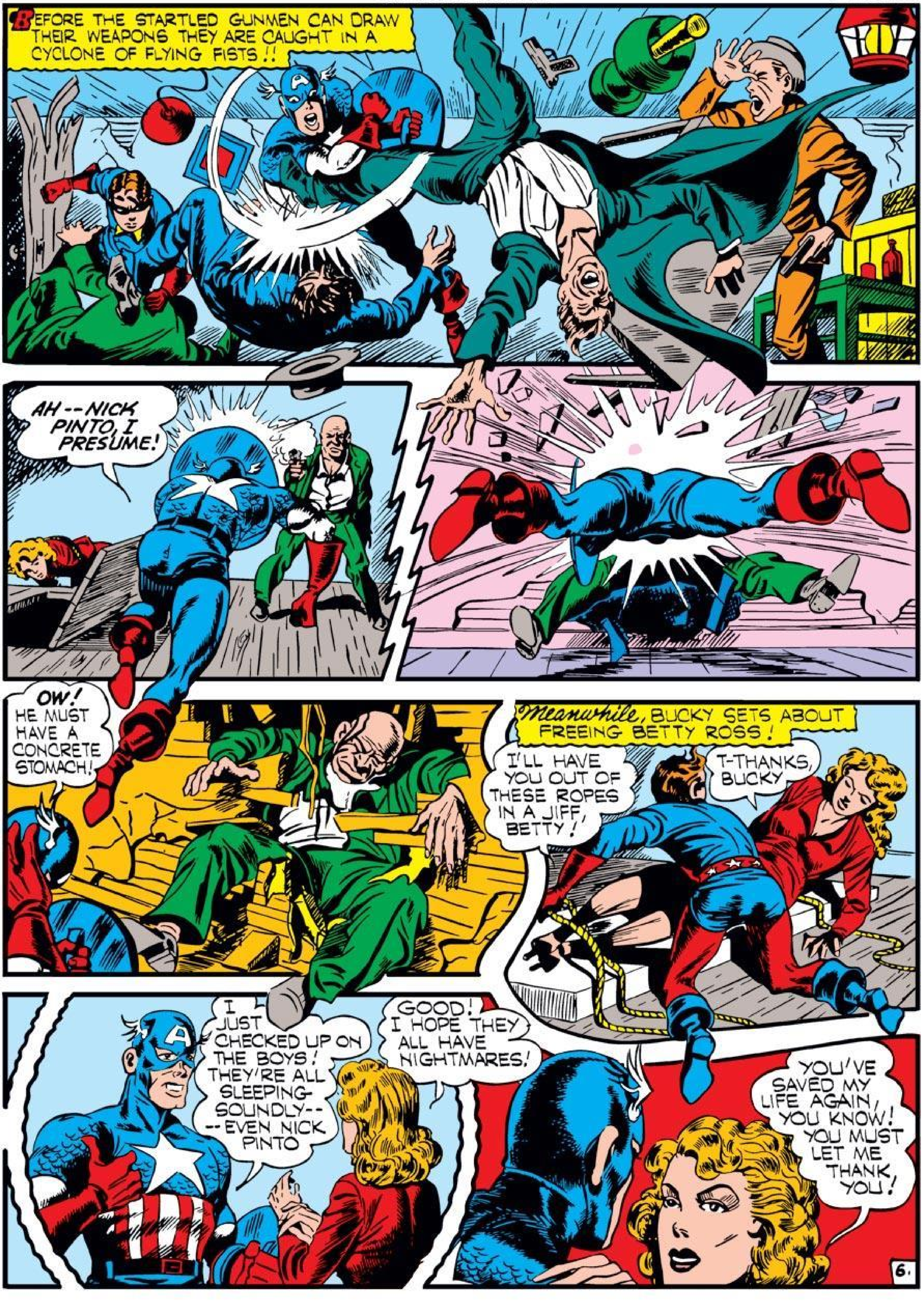

CAPTAIN AMERICA
and the man WHO COULD NOT DIE--
"NICK PINTO WAS SENT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.' YET, HE CAME BACK TO MURDER THE MAN WHO INFORMED ON HIM. HE SNARLED HIS DEFIANCE OF THE LAW AND LEFT IN HIS WAKE A TRAIL OF MURDER AND DESTRUCTION-- CAPTAIN AMERICA UNCOVERS ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING CONSPIRACIES IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME AND BRINGS TO JUSTICE THE MAN THAT COULD NOT DIE!
From the PERSONAL FILES of CAPTAIN AMERICA
Art and Editorial by JOE SIMON JACK KIRBY

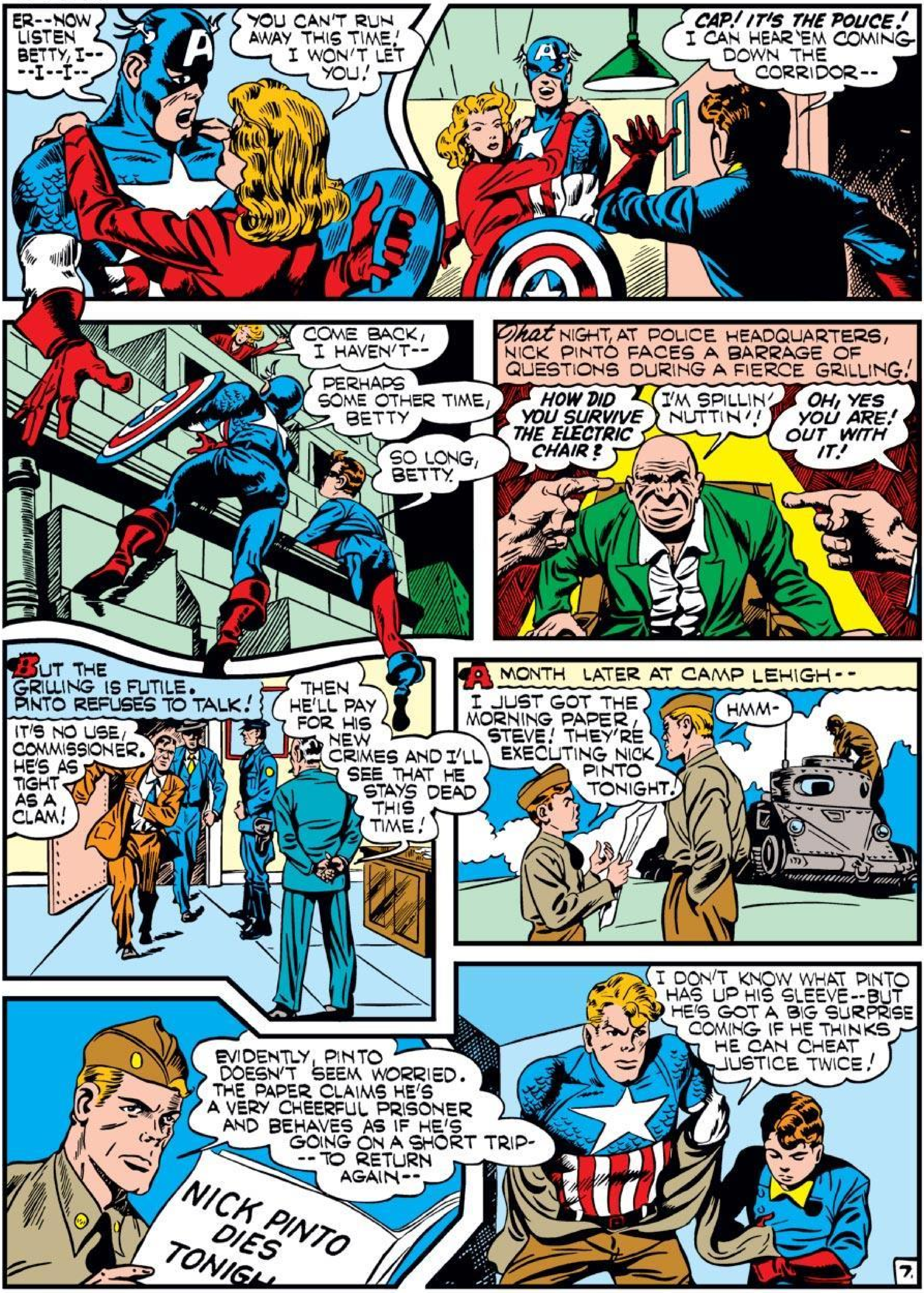

TONY SCARLATTI SHIFTS UNEASILY IN HIS DESK CHAIR... THE BIG-TIME RACKETEER TRIES VAINLY TO RID HIMSELF OF THE STRANGE FEELING THAT HAS SUDDENLY GRIPPED HIM--
GEE, I FEEL QUEER! DON'T KNOW WHY I GOT DE JUMPS-- BAH! IT MUST BE DE STRAIN OF MY ENIGETIC MIND
But TONY SHOULD KNOW WHAT THAT QUEER FEELING IS--ALL RATS HAVE THE SAME INSTINCT WHEN DANGER IS NEAR...
HELLO, TONY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TONY? AFRAID OF GHOSTS?
NICK PINTO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! Y-YOU'RE--
YEAH-- I'M SUPPOSED TA BE DEAD! BURNED IN DE HOT SEAT-- --WHERE YOU SENT ME--YOU SQUEALIN' RAT!
BAM! BAM!
NO, NICK, NO! GIMME A BREAK-- OOH!! UGH--
DAT PAYS YOU OFF, SCARLATTI. NEVER COUNTED ON ME COMIN' BACK, DID'JA?
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE DESK SERGEANT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ANSWERS HIS RINGING TELEPHONE
POLICE HEADQUARTERS! --WHO--TONY SCARLATTI? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?
I-I'VE BEEN SHOT BY-- --NICK PINTO! --HE--
2.

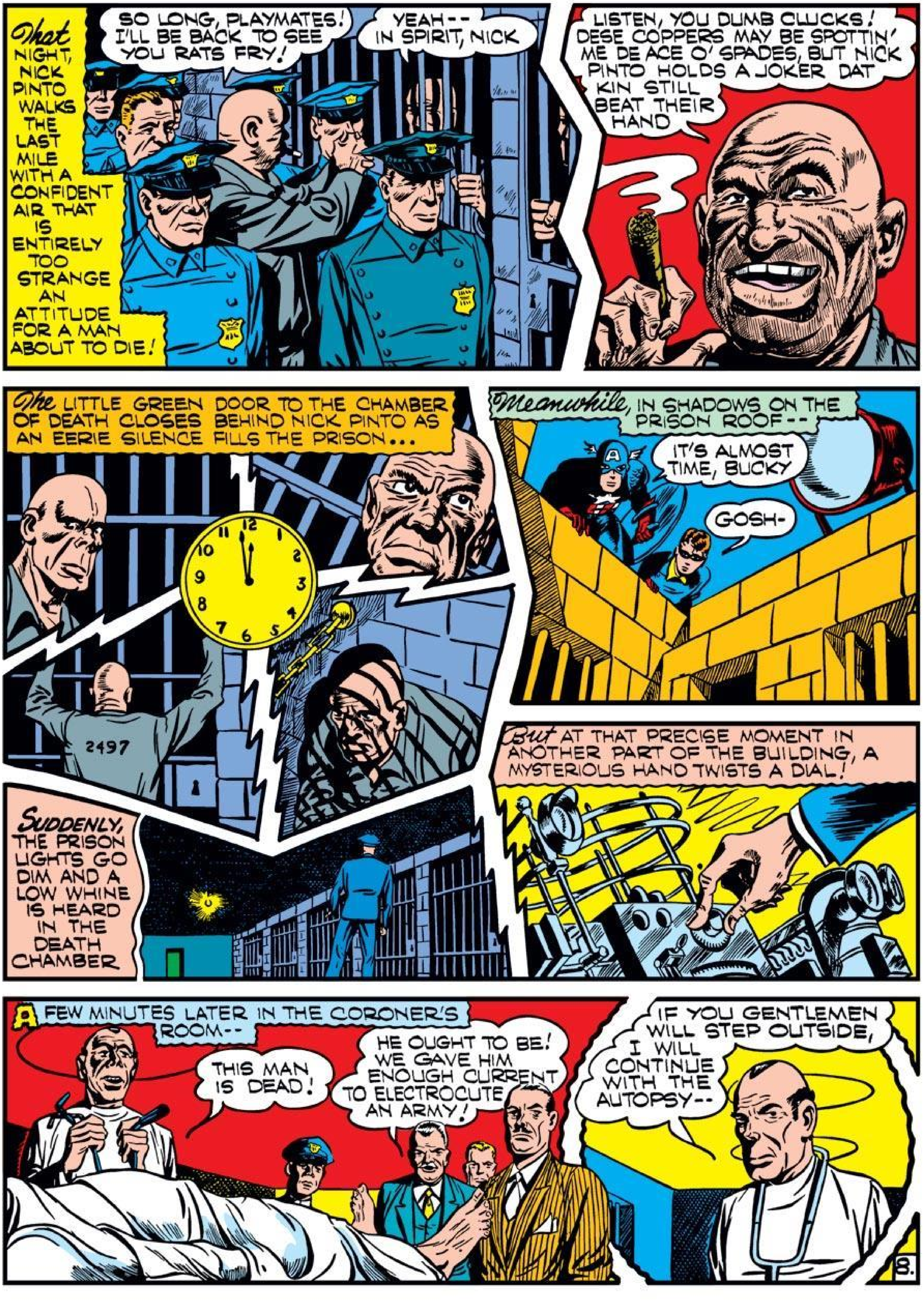

WHO SHOT YOU? --NICK PINTO? SPEAK LOUDER-- HELLO-- HELLO--
THE WIRE'S GONE DEAD!
--BUT IT IS TONY SCARLATTI WHO IS DEAD--HIS BODY LIES SPRAWLED OVER THE PHONE...
AN HOUR LATER, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES MAHONEY REPORTS THE AMAZING NEWS TO POLICE COMMISSONER REAGAN--
--AND WHEN WE GOT TO HIS APARTMENT WE FOUND SCARLATTI DEAD
AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THIS FAIRY TALE ABOUT PINTO
LOOK HERE, MAHONEY-- I WAS AT PINTO'S EXECUTION MYSELF! I SAW HIM SIZZLE AND I HEARD HIM PRONOUNCED DEAD!
NOW DROP THE PINTO ANGLE AND FIND ME THE REAL KILLER! I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS!
IN THE WAKE OF TONY SCARLATTI'S MURDER FOLLOWS A CRIME WAVE OF UNPARALLELED FEROCITY!!
FIRS NATIO BANK
SPECTACULAR ROBBERIES ARE BRAZENLY COMMITTED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
ARMORED CAR SERVICE
3


BEHIND THE TERROR AND KILLING THAT RAVAGES HALF A NATION, LURKS THE PHANTOM FIGURE OF NICK PINTO, GROWING MORE REAL WITH EACH NEW CRIME...
5¢
4T-135
HAH-HAH-HAH!! LOOKIT DIS, BOYS--"G-MEN BAFFLED." NOTHING KIN STOP US NOW--NOT AS LONG AS DEY BELIEVE ME DEAD--
BUT THERE ARE TWO WHOM NICK PINTO HAS NOT RECKONED WITH--
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
LOOKS LIKE OUR SEARCH HAS NARROWED DOWN TO THAT OLD WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE
CAP! LOOK! IT'S BETTY!
-AND SHE'S HEADING FOR THAT WAREHOUSE!
LOOKS LIKE SHE FOLLOWED THE SAME CLUES WE DID!
COME ON, CAP! IF OUR HUNCHES ARE RIGHT SHE MAY RUN INTO TROUBLE
ENTERING THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE OLD WAREHOUSE, BETTY FINDS A ROTTING WOODEN DOOR--
4


AS BETTY OPENS THE CREAKING OLD DOOR, SHE IS ROUGHLY SEIZED AND OVERPOWERED BY LURKING THUGS--
I'LL TIE HER LEGS, RED!
HOLD STILL, SISTER! IT AIN'T NO USE FIGHTIN' BACK!
NICK PINTO'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE YA! ENTERTAININ' SPIES IS A SPECIALTY O' HIS--
Meanwhile, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE WAREHOUSE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FORCE AN ENTRANCE INTO THE DARKENED INTERIOR--
C'MON, BUCKY! BETTY MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE
TOO BAD WE LOST HER IN THOSE SHADOWS
CAP AND BUCKY ENTER AN OLD ELEVATOR AND INVESTIGATE THE UPPER FLOORS---
NOTHING ON THAT FLOOR! WE MAY FIND SOMETHING ON THE NEXT!
ON THE FLOOR ABOVE, NICK PINTO PREPARES TO GET RID OF BETTY ROSS--IN GANGSTER STYLE!
LOOK DOWN DAT SHAFT, SISTER! DAT'S WHERE YOU AND DE SLAB O' CONCRETE ARE HEADIN'--RIGHT INTO DE RIVER!
GANGWAY!
YAHOO!
Suddenly, THE DOOR SHATTERS UNDER THE IMPACT OF A POWERFUL BODY AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HURL THEMSELVES INTO THE ROOM!!--
5


BEFORE THE STARTLED GUNMEN CAN DRAW THEIR WEAPONS THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A CYCLONE OF FLYING FISTS !!
AH--NICK PINTO, I PRESUME!
OW! HE MUST HAVE A CONCRETE STOMACH!
Meanwhile, BUCKY SETS ABOUT FREEING BETTY ROSS!
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THESE ROPES IN A JIFF, BETTY!
T-THANKS, BUCKY
I JUST CHECKED UP ON THE BOYS! THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING SOUNDLY-- --EVEN NICK PINTO
GOOD! I HOPE THEY ALL HAVE NIGHTMARES!
YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE AGAIN, YOU KNOW! YOU MUST LET ME THANK YOU!
6.


ER--NOW LISTEN BETTY, I-- --I--I--
YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY THIS TIME! I WON'T LET YOU!
CAP! IT'S THE POLICE! I CAN HEAR 'EM COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR--
COME BACK, I HAVEN'T--
PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME, BETTY
SO LONG, BETTY.
That NIGHT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NICK PINTO FACES A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS DURING A FIERCE GRILLING!
HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR?
I'M SPILLIN' NUTTIN'!
OH, YES YOU ARE! OUT WITH IT!
BUT THE GRILLING IS FUTILE. PINTO REFUSES TO TALK!
IT'S NO USE, COMMISSIONER. HE'S AS TIGHT AS A CLAM!
THEN HE'LL PAY FOR HIS NEW CRIMES AND I'LL SEE THAT HE STAYS DEAD THIS TIME!
A MONTH LATER AT CAMP LEHIGH--
I JUST GOT THE MORNING PAPER, STEVE! THEY'RE EXECUTING NICK PINTO TONIGHT!
HMM-
EVIDENTLY, PINTO DOESN'T SEEM WORRIED. THE PAPER CLAIMS HE'S A VERY CHEERFUL PRISONER AND BEHAVES AS IF HE'S GOING ON A SHORT TRIP- --TO RETURN AGAIN--
NICK PINTO DIES TONIGH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT PINTO HAS UP HIS SLEEVE--BUT HE'S GOT A BIG SURPRISE COMING IF HE THINKS HE CAN CHEAT JUSTICE TWICE!
7.


That night, Nick Pinto walks the last mile with a confident air that is entirely too strange an attitude for a man about to die!
SO LONG, PLAYMATES! I'LL BE BACK TO SEE YOU RATS FRY!
YEAH-- IN SPIRIT, NICK
LISTEN, YOU DUMB CLUCKS! DESE COPPERS MAY BE SPOTTIN' ME DE ACE O' SPADES, BUT NICK PINTO HOLDS A JOKER DAT KIN STILL BEAT THEIR HAND
The little green door to the chamber of death closes behind Nick Pinto as an eerie silence fills the prison...
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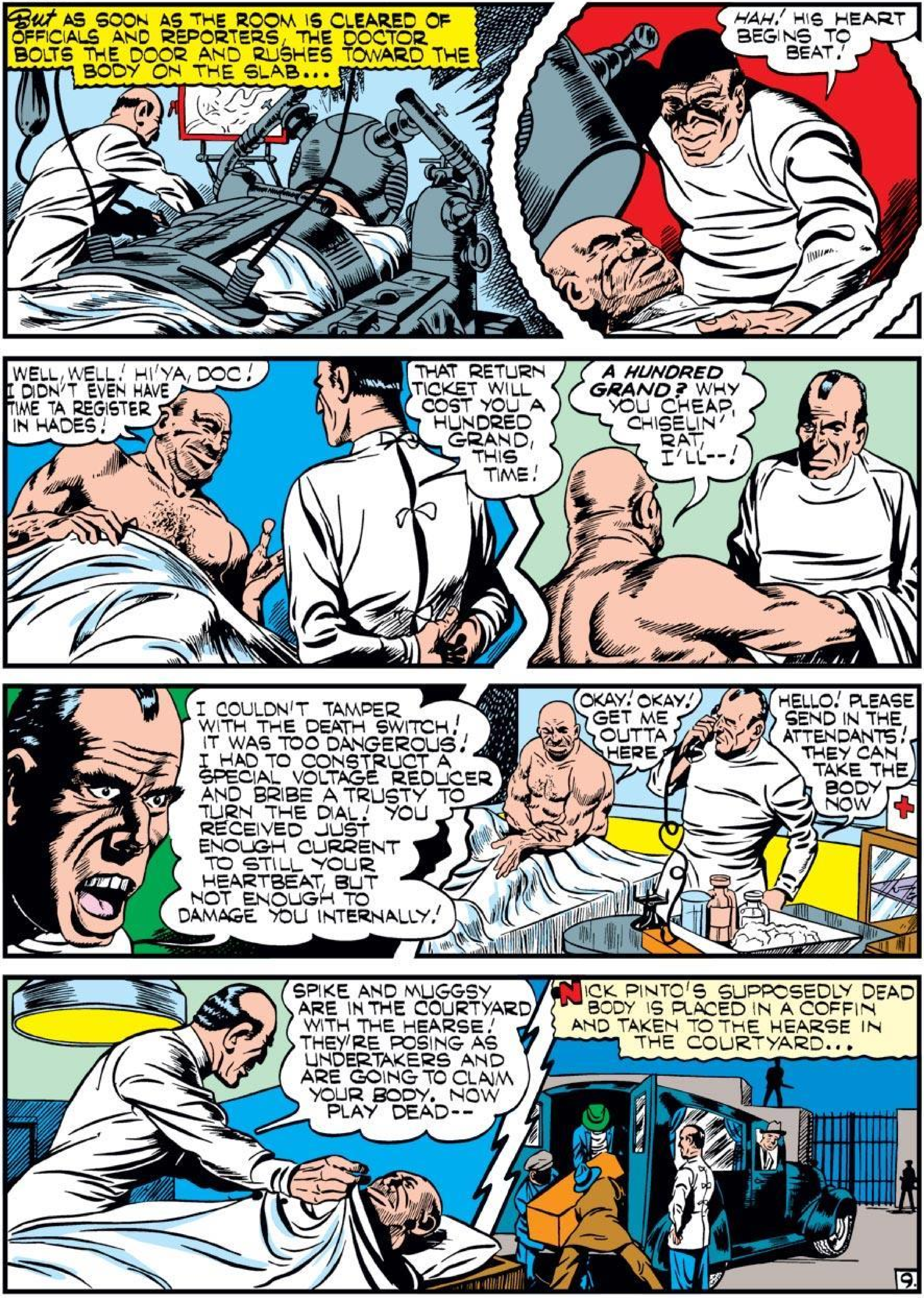
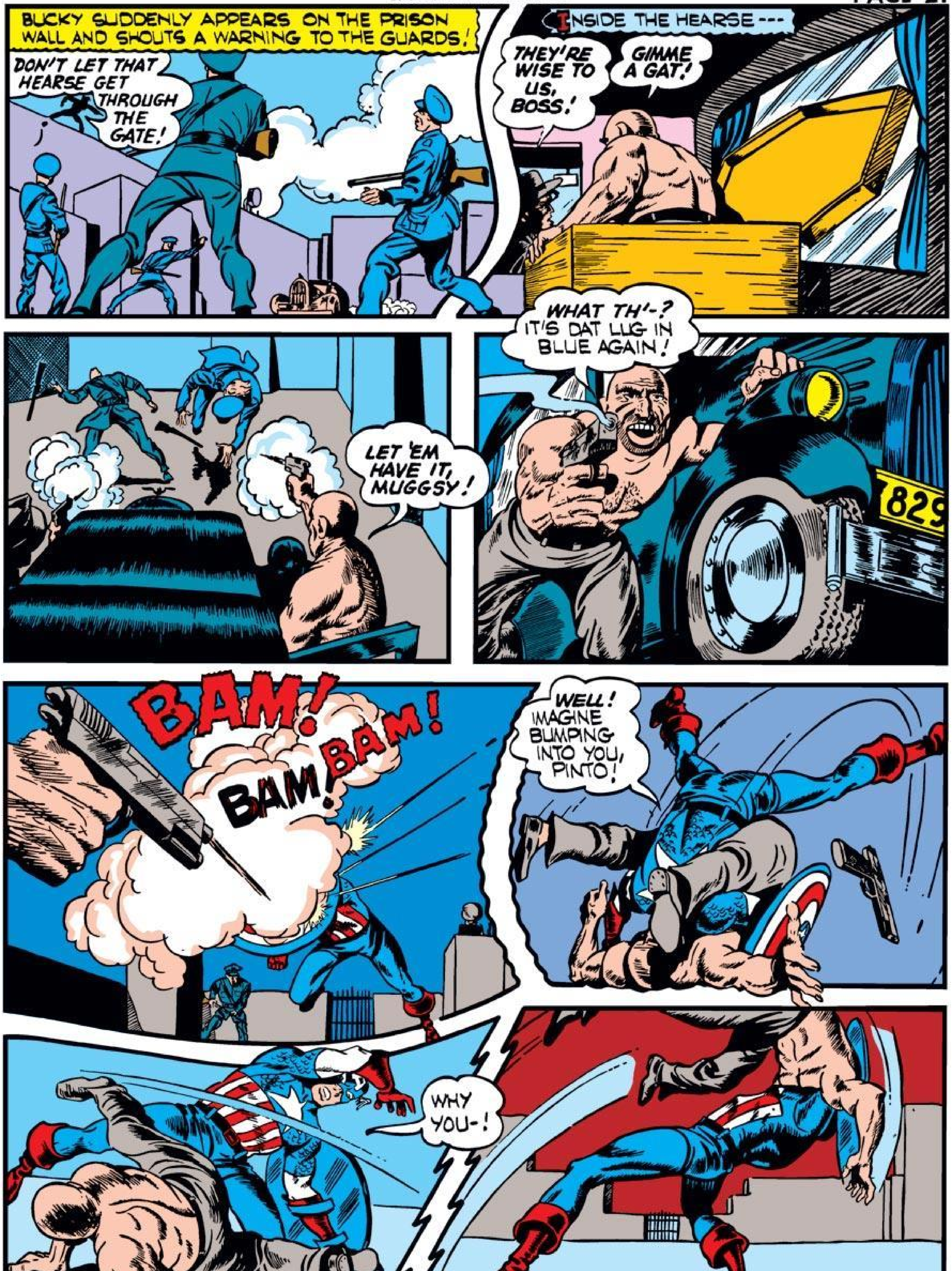
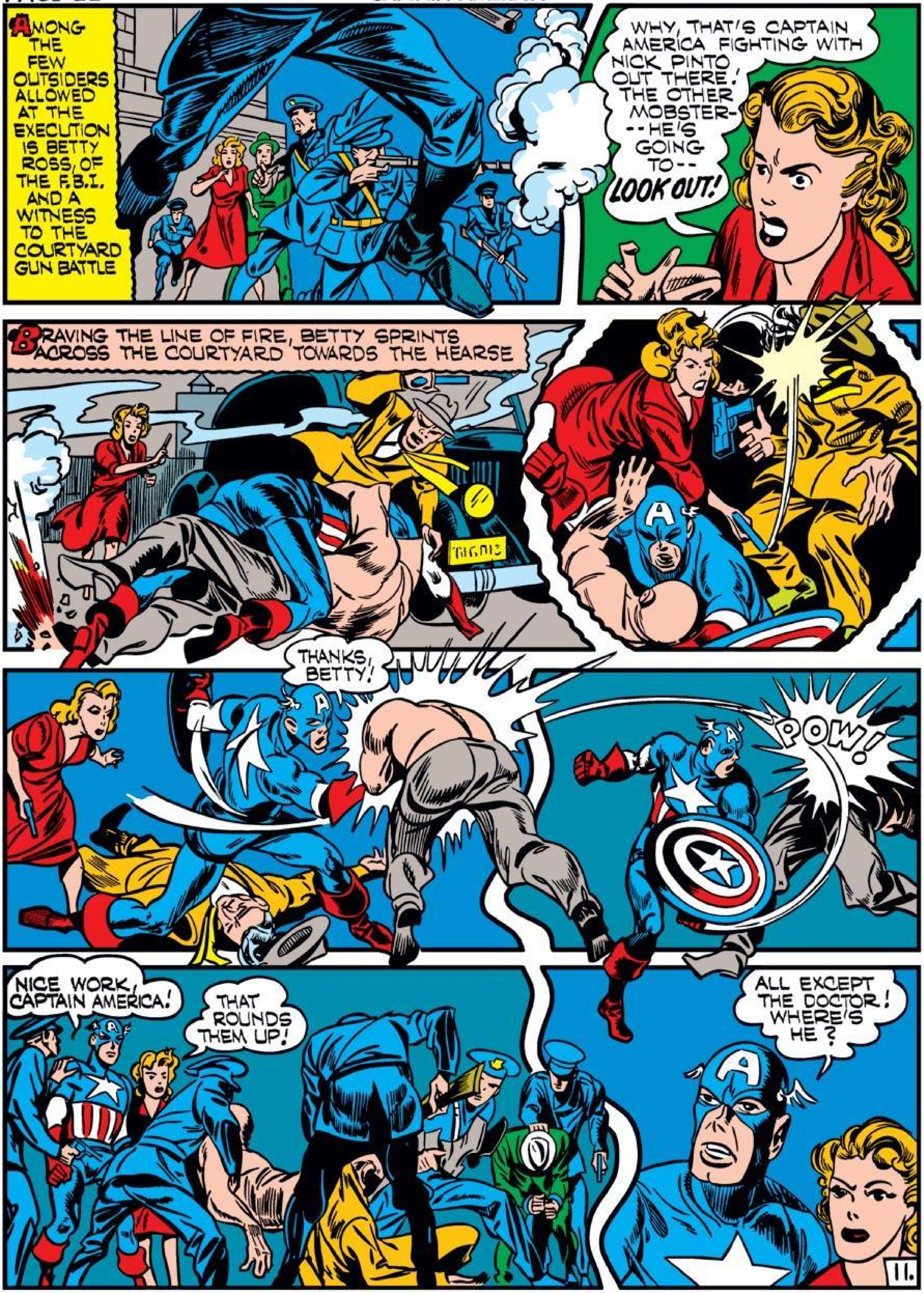
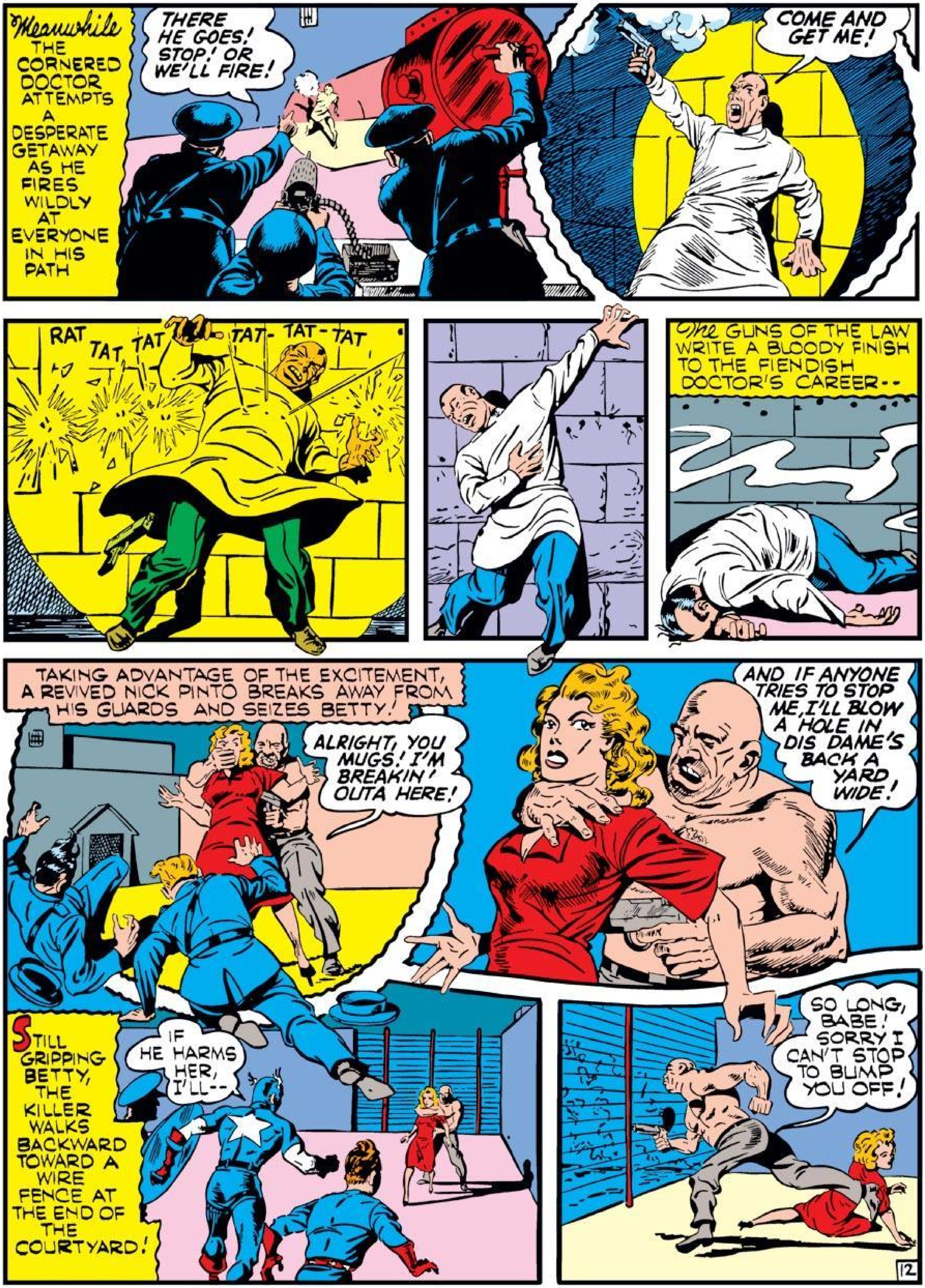
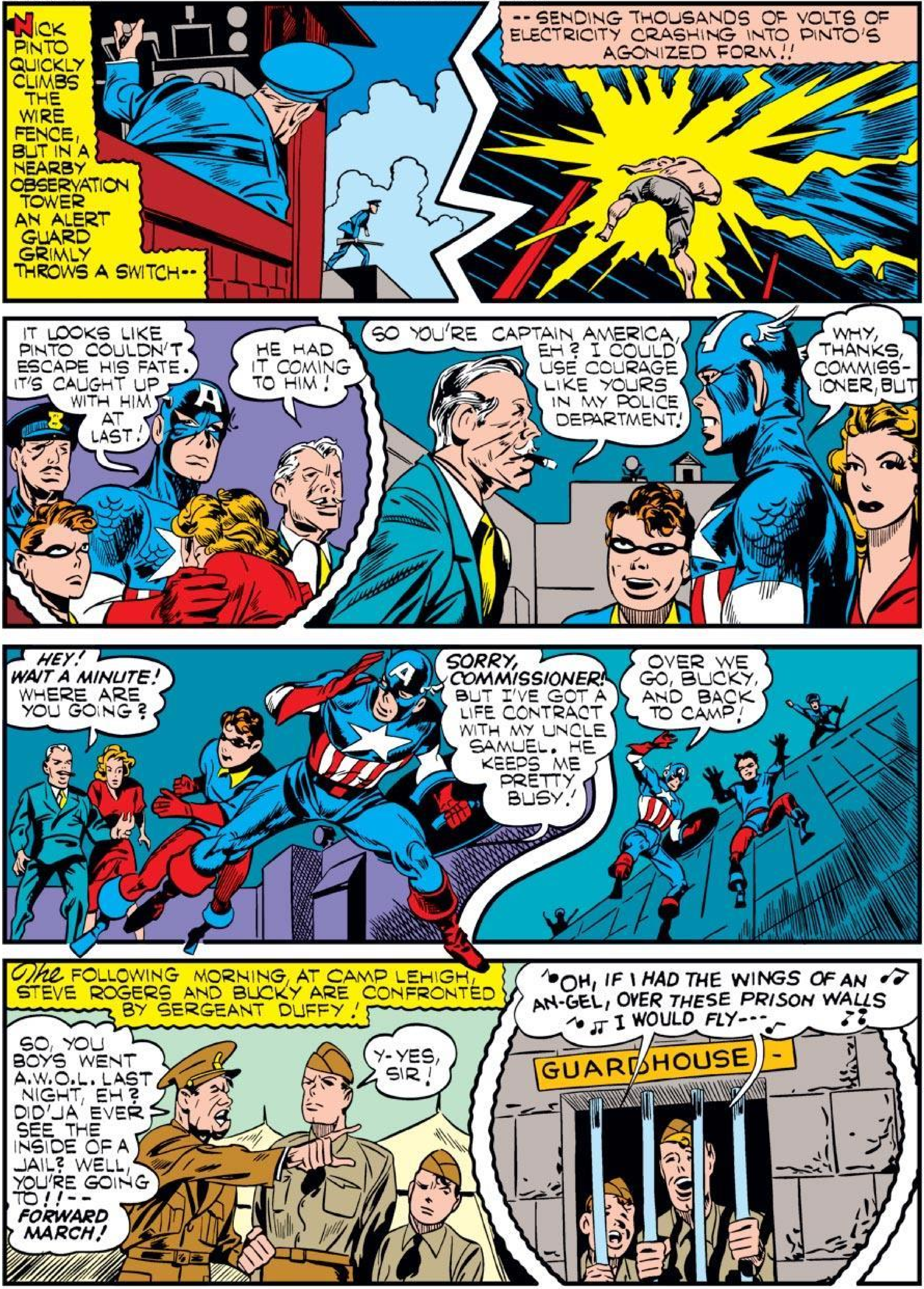
2497
Meanwhile, in shadows on the prison roof--
IT'S ALMOST TIME, BUCKY
GOSH-
Suddenly, the prison lights go dim and a low whine is heard in the death chamber
But at that precise moment in another part of the building, a mysterious hand twists a dial!
A few minutes later in the coroner's room--
THIS MAN IS DEAD!
HE OUGHT TO BE! WE GAVE HIM ENOUGH CURRENT TO ELECTROCUTE AN ARMY!
IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL STEP OUTSIDE, I WILL CONTINUE WITH THE AUTOPSY--
8.

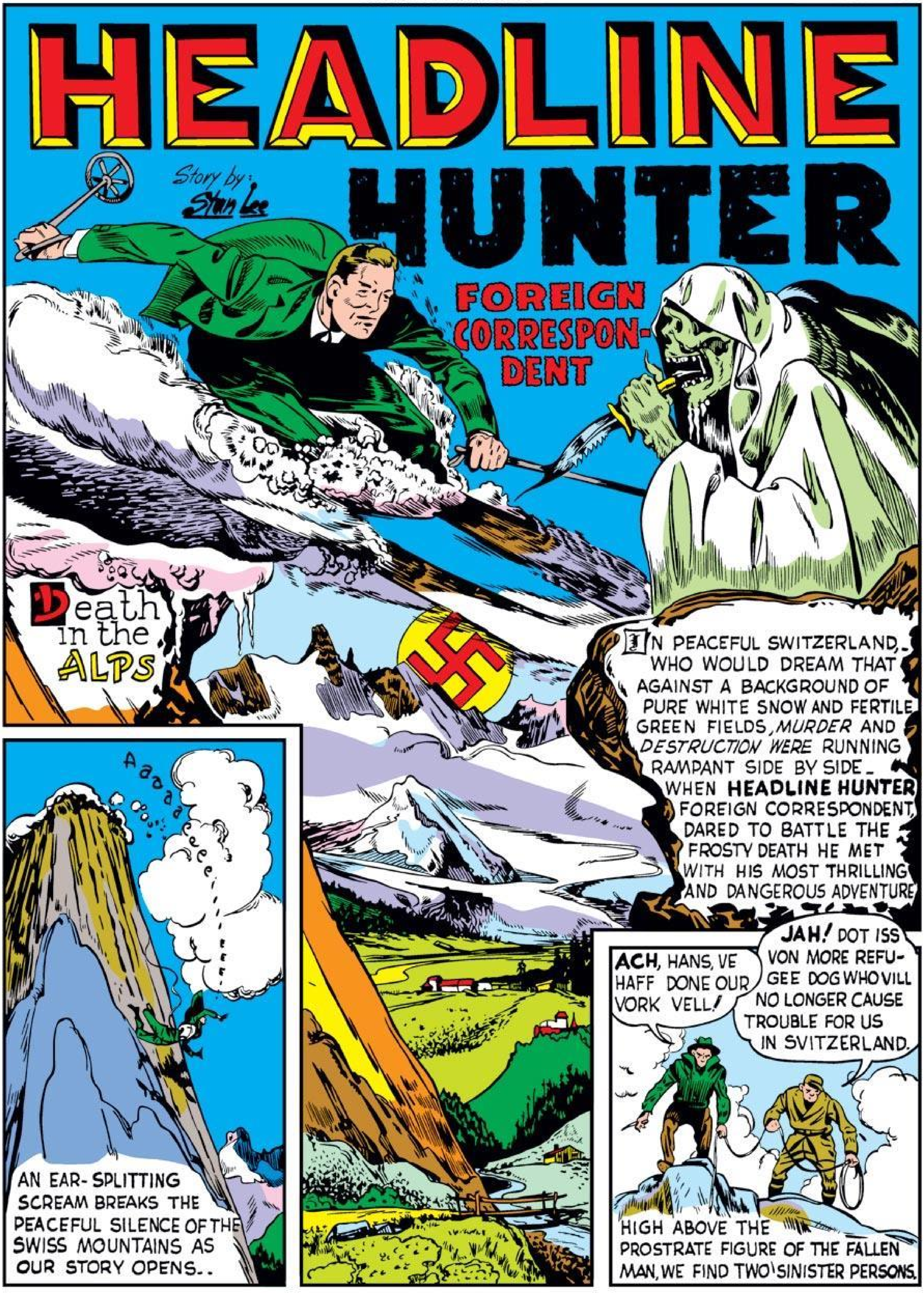

But AS SOON AS THE ROOM IS CLEARED OF OFFICIALS AND REPORTERS, THE DOCTOR BOLTS THE DOOR AND RUSHES TOWARD THE BODY ON THE SLAB...
HAH! HIS HEART BEGINS TO BEAT!
WELL, WELL! HI'YA, DOC! I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TA REGISTER IN HADES!
THAT RETURN TICKET WILL COST YOU A HUNDRED GRAND, THIS TIME!
A HUNDRED GRAND? WHY YOU CHEAP, CHISELIN' RAT, I'LL--!
I COULDN'T TAMPER WITH THE DEATH SWITCH! IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS! I HAD TO CONSTRUCT A SPECIAL VOLTAGE REDUCER AND BRIBE A TRUSTY TO TURN THE DIAL! YOU RECEIVED JUST ENOUGH CURRENT TO STILL YOUR HEARTBEAT, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO DAMAGE YOU INTERNALLY!
OKAY! OKAY! GET ME OUTTA HERE
HELLO! PLEASE SEND IN THE ATTENDANTS! THEY CAN TAKE THE BODY NOW
SPIKE AND MUGGSY ARE IN THE COURTYARD WITH THE HEARSE! THEY'RE POSING AS UNDERTAKERS AND ARE GOING TO CLAIM YOUR BODY. NOW PLAY DEAD--
NICK PINTO'S SUPPOSEDLY DEAD BODY IS PLACED IN A COFFIN AND TAKEN TO THE HEARSE IN THE COURTYARD...
9.

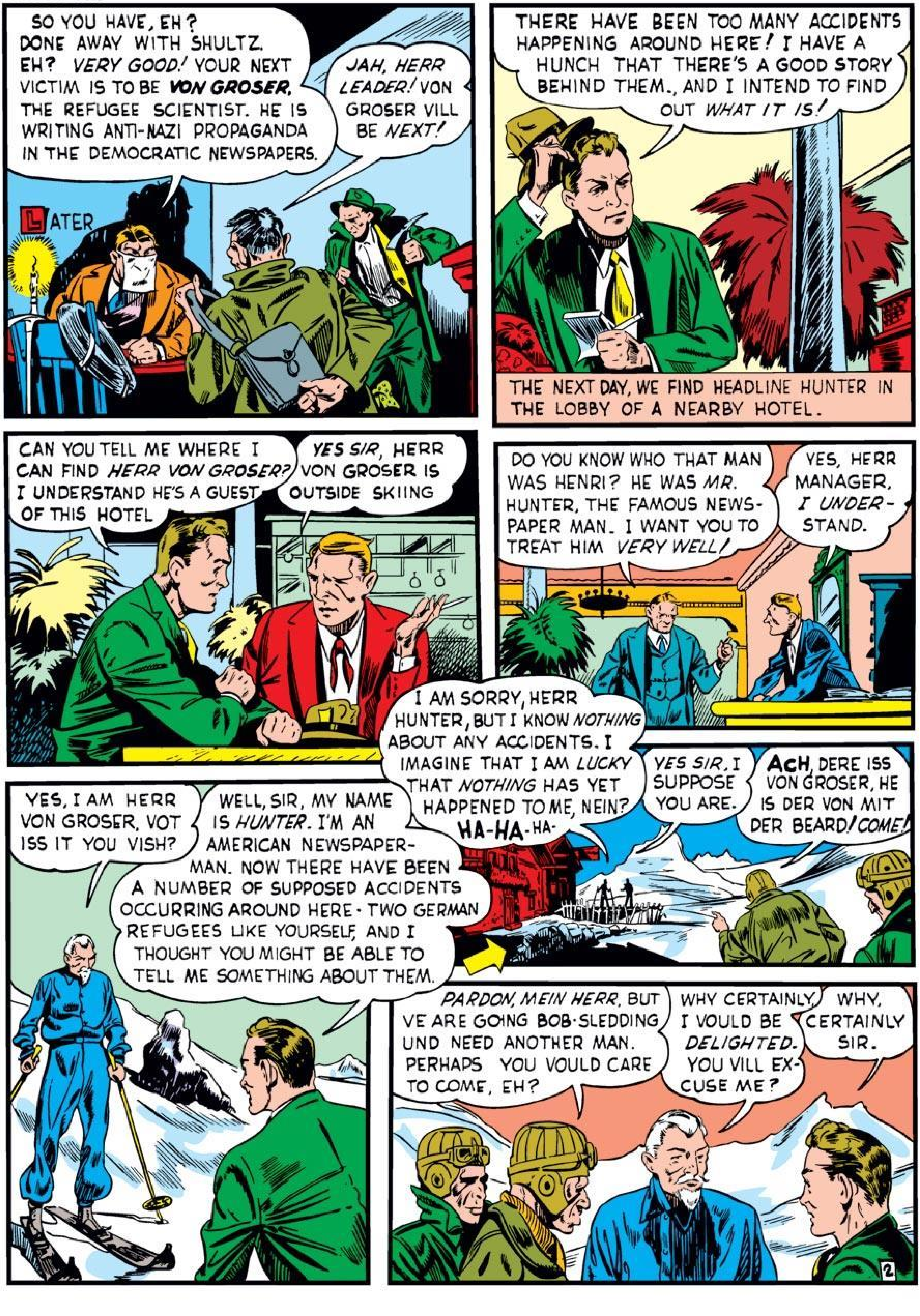

BUCKY SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE PRISON WALL AND SHOUTS A WARNING TO THE GUARDS!
DON'T LET THAT HEARSE GET THROUGH THE GATE!
INSIDE THE HEARSE---
THEY'RE WISE TO US, BOSS!
GIMME A GAT!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, MUGGSY!
WHAT TH'-? IT'S DAT LUG IN BLUE AGAIN!
829
BAM! BAM! BAM!
WELL! IMAGINE BUMPING INTO YOU, PINTO!
WHY YOU-!
10.

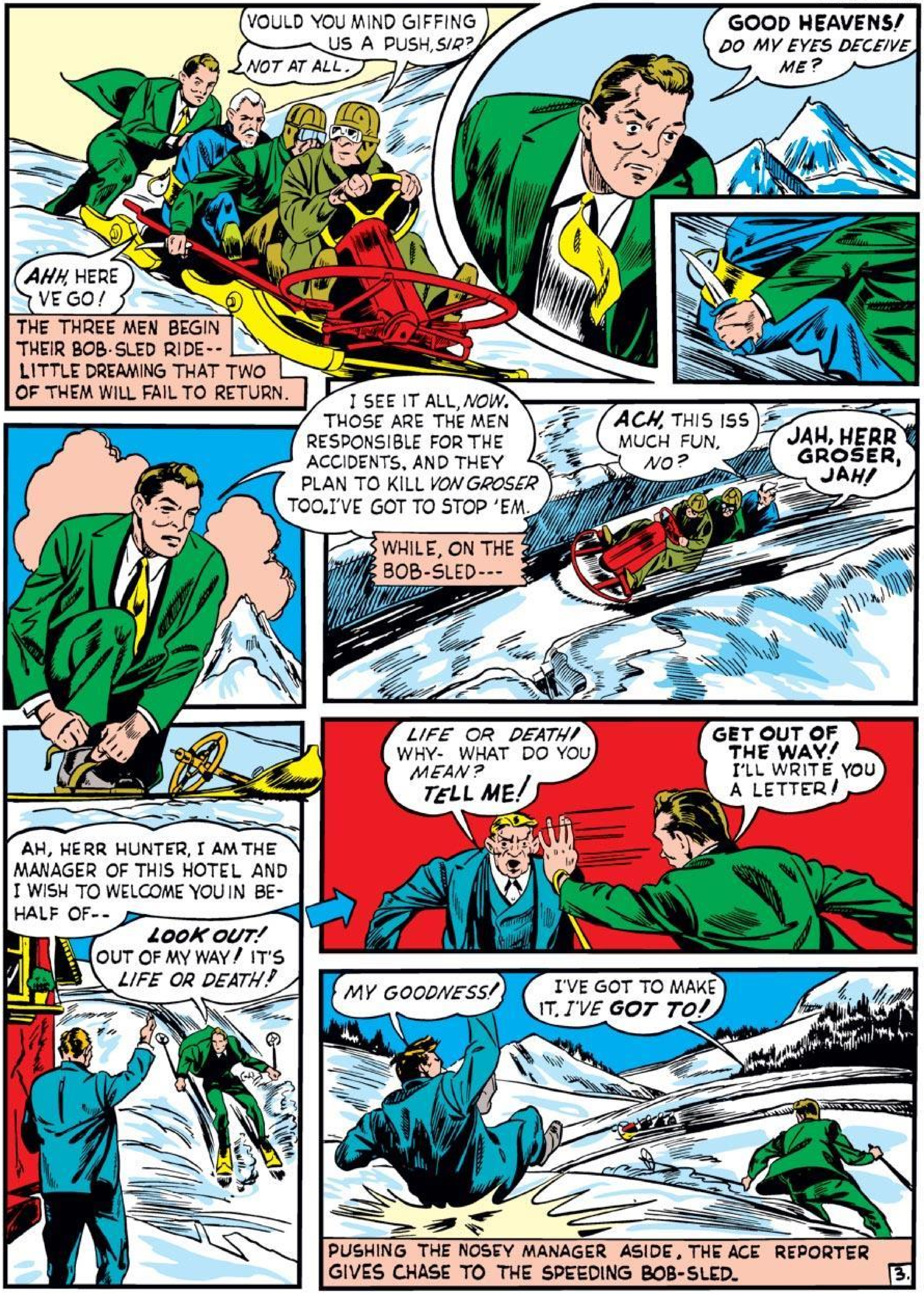

AMONG THE FEW OUTSIDERS ALLOWED AT THE EXECUTION IS BETTY ROSS, OF THE F.B.I. AND A WITNESS TO THE COURTYARD GUN BATTLE
WHY, THAT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA FIGHTING WITH NICK PINTO OUT THERE! THE OTHER MOBSTER--HE'S GOING TO-- LOOK OUT!
BRAVING THE LINE OF FIRE, BETTY SPRINTS ACROSS THE COURTYARD TOWARDS THE HEARSE
THANKS, BETTY!
POW!
NICE WORK, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THAT ROUNDS THEM UP!
ALL EXCEPT THE DOCTOR! WHERE'S HE ?
11.

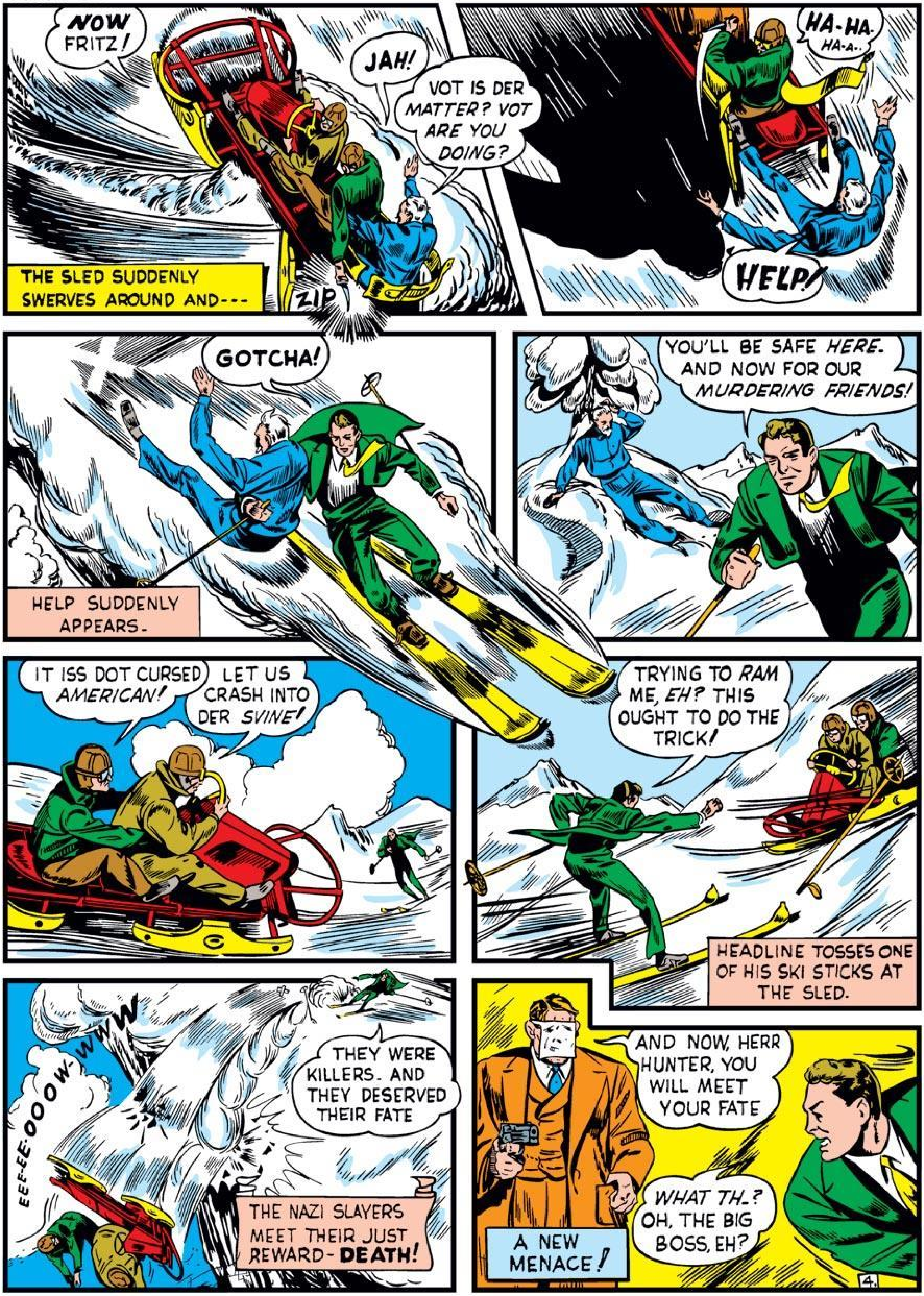

Meanwhile THE CORNERED DOCTOR ATTEMPTS A DESPERATE GETAWAY AS HE FIRES WILDLY AT EVERYONE IN HIS PATH
THERE HE GOES! STOP! OR WE'LL FIRE!
COME AND GET ME!
RAT TAT TAT TAT-TAT-TAT
THE GUNS OF THE LAW WRITE A BLOODY FINISH TO THE FIENDISH DOCTOR'S CAREER--
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCITEMENT, A REVIVED NICK PINTO BREAKS AWAY FROM HIS GUARDS AND SEIZES BETTY!
ALRIGHT, YOU MUGS! I'M BREAKIN' OUTA HERE!
AND IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP ME, I'LL BLOW A HOLE IN DIS DAME'S BACK A YARD WIDE!
STILL GRIPPING BETTY, THE KILLER WALKS BACKWARD TOWARD A WIRE FENCE AT THE END OF THE COURTYARD!
IF HE HARMS HER, I'LL--
SO LONG, BABE! SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO BUMP YOU OFF!
12

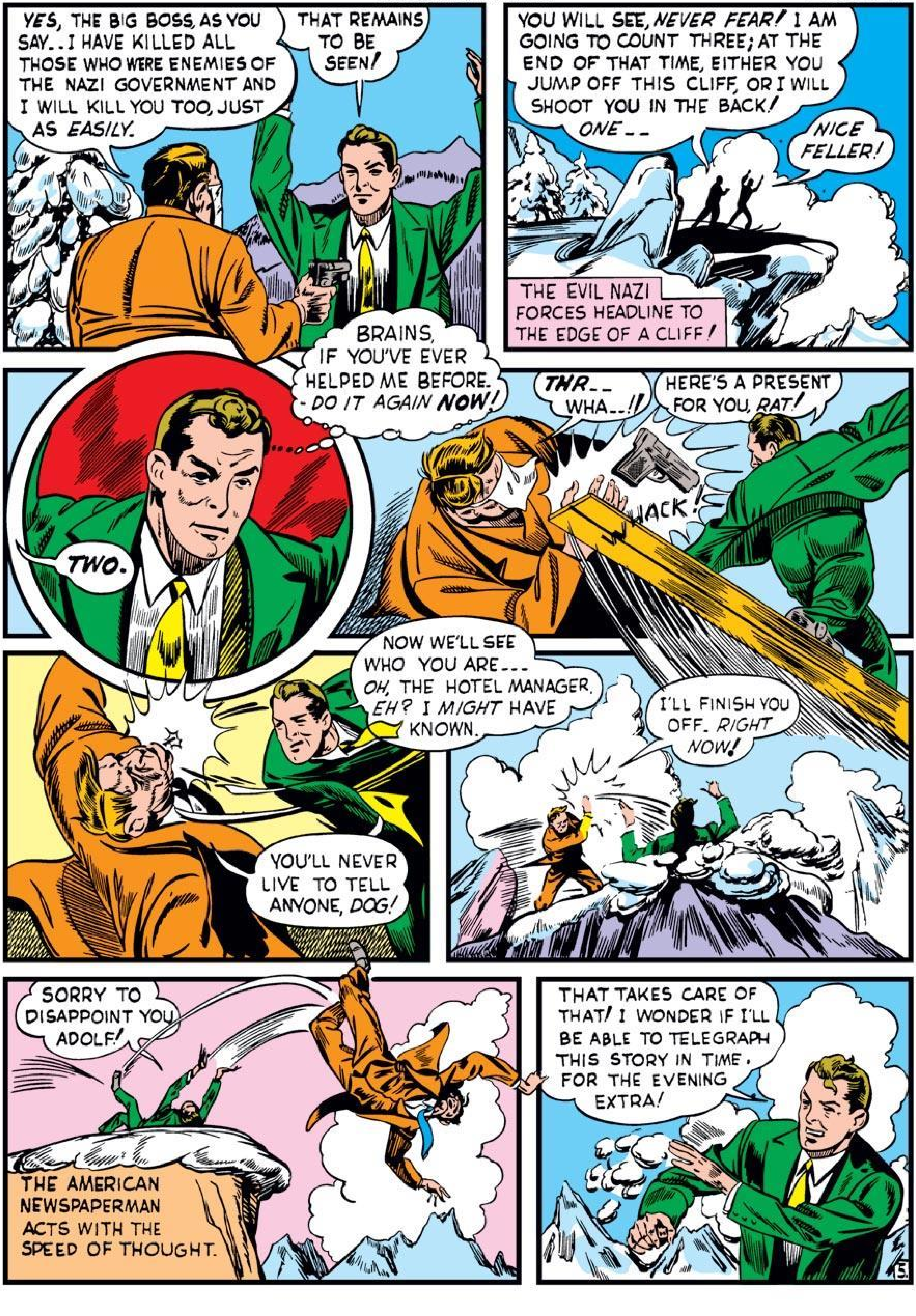

NICK PINTO QUICKLY CLIMBS THE WIRE FENCE, BUT IN A NEARBY OBSERVATION TOWER AN ALERT GUARD GRIMLY THROWS A SWITCH--
--SENDING THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY CRASHING INTO PINTO'S AGONIZED FORM!!
IT LOOKS LIKE PINTO COULDN'T ESCAPE HIS FATE. IT'S CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AT LAST!
HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM!
SO YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH? I COULD USE COURAGE LIKE YOURS IN MY POLICE DEPARTMENT!
WHY, THANKS, COMMISSIONER, BUT
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SORRY, COMMISSIONER! BUT I'VE GOT A LIFE CONTRACT WITH MY UNCLE SAMUEL. HE KEEPS ME PRETTY BUSY!
OVER WE GO, BUCKY, AND BACK TO CAMP!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY ARE CONFRONTED BY SERGEANT DUFFY!
SO, YOU BOYS WENT A.W.O.L. LAST NIGHT, EH? DID'JA EVER SEE THE INSIDE OF A JAIL? WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO!!-- FORWARD MARCH!
Y-YES, SIR!
OH, IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN AN-GEL, OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I WOULD FLY---
GUARDHOUSE


HEADLINE HUNTER
Story by: Stan Lee
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
Death in the ALPS
IN PEACEFUL SWITZERLAND, WHO WOULD DREAM THAT AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PURE WHITE SNOW AND FERTILE GREEN FIELDS, *MURDER* AND *DESTRUCTION WERE* RUNNING RAMPANT SIDE BY SIDE. WHEN **HEADLINE HUNTER** FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, DARED TO BATTLE THE FROSTY DEATH HE MET WITH HIS MOST THRILLING AND DANGEROUS ADVENTURE
Aaaaaaeeee
AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM BREAKS THE PEACEFUL SILENCE OF THE SWISS MOUNTAINS AS OUR STORY OPENS..
ACH, HANS, VE HAFF DONE OUR VORK VELL!
JAH! DOT ISS VON MORE REFUGEE DOG WHO VILL NO LONGER CAUSE TROUBLE FOR US IN SVITZERLAND.
HIGH ABOVE THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF THE FALLEN MAN, WE FIND TWO SINISTER PERSONS.


LATER
SO YOU HAVE, EH? DONE AWAY WITH SHULTZ. EH? VERY GOOD! YOUR NEXT VICTIM IS TO BE VON GROSER, THE REFUGEE SCIENTIST. HE IS WRITING ANTI-NAZI PROPAGANDA IN THE DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPERS.
JAH, HERR LEADER! VON GROSER VILL BE NEXT!
THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY ACCIDENTS HAPPENING AROUND HERE! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE'S A GOOD STORY BEHIND THEM., AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
THE NEXT DAY, WE FIND HEADLINE HUNTER IN THE LOBBY OF A NEARBY HOTEL.
CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HERR VON GROSER? I UNDERSTAND HE'S A GUEST OF THIS HOTEL
YES SIR, HERR VON GROSER IS OUTSIDE SKIING
DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT MAN WAS HENRI? HE WAS MR. HUNTER, THE FAMOUS NEWSPAPER MAN. I WANT YOU TO TREAT HIM VERY WELL!
YES, HERR MANAGER, I UNDERSTAND.
YES, I AM HERR VON GROSER, VOT ISS IT YOU VISH?
WELL, SIR, MY NAME IS HUNTER. I'M AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN. NOW THERE HAVE BEEN A NUMBER OF SUPPOSED ACCIDENTS OCCURRING AROUND HERE - TWO GERMAN REFUGEES LIKE YOURSELF, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THEM.
I AM SORRY, HERR HUNTER, BUT I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ANY ACCIDENTS. I IMAGINE THAT I AM LUCKY THAT NOTHING HAS YET HAPPENED TO ME, NEIN? HA-HA-HA-
YES SIR, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE.
ACH, DERE ISS VON GROSER, HE IS DER VON MIT DER BEARD! COME!
PARDON, MEIN HERR, BUT VE ARE GOING BOB-SLEDDING UND NEED ANOTHER MAN. PERHAPS YOU VOULD CARE TO COME, EH?
WHY CERTAINLY, I VOULD BE DELIGHTED. YOU VILL EXCUSE ME?
WHY, CERTAINLY SIR.
2


VOULD YOU MIND GIFFING US A PUSH, SIR?
NOT AT ALL.
AHH, HERE VE GO!
THE THREE MEN BEGIN THEIR BOB-SLED RIDE-- LITTLE DREAMING THAT TWO OF THEM WILL FAIL TO RETURN.
GOOD HEAVENS! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?
I SEE IT ALL, NOW. THOSE ARE THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACCIDENTS, AND THEY PLAN TO KILL VON GROSER TOO. I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM.
WHILE, ON THE BOB-SLED---
ACH, THIS ISS MUCH FUN, NO?
JAH, HERR GROSER, JAH!
AH, HERR HUNTER, I AM THE MANAGER OF THIS HOTEL AND I WISH TO WELCOME YOU IN BEHALF OF--
LOOK OUT! OUT OF MY WAY! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!
LIFE OR DEATH! WHY- WHAT DO YOU MEAN? TELL ME!
GET OUT OF THE WAY! I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER!
MY GOODNESS!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT. I'VE GOT TO!
PUSHING THE NOSEY MANAGER ASIDE, THE ACE REPORTER GIVES CHASE TO THE SPEEDING BOB-SLED.
3.


NOW FRITZ!
JAH!
VOT IS DER MATTER? VOT ARE YOU DOING?
THE SLED SUDDENLY SWERVES AROUND AND---
ZIP
HA-HA-HA-A..
HELP!
GOTCHA!
HELP SUDDENLY APPEARS-
YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE. AND NOW FOR OUR MURDERING FRIENDS!
IT ISS DOT CURSED AMERICAN!
LET US CRASH INTO DER SVINE!
TRYING TO RAM ME, EH? THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!
HEADLINE TOSSES ONE OF HIS SKI STICKS AT THE SLED.
EEE-EE-OOOW-WWW
THEY WERE KILLERS. AND THEY DESERVED THEIR FATE
THE NAZI SLAYERS MEET THEIR JUST REWARD- DEATH!
AND NOW, HERR HUNTER, YOU WILL MEET YOUR FATE
WHAT TH-? OH, THE BIG BOSS, EH?
A NEW MENACE!
4.


YES, THE BIG BOSS, AS YOU SAY..I HAVE KILLED ALL THOSE WHO WERE ENEMIES OF THE NAZI GOVERNMENT AND I WILL KILL YOU TOO, JUST AS EASILY.
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!
YOU WILL SEE, NEVER FEAR! I AM GOING TO COUNT THREE; AT THE END OF THAT TIME, EITHER YOU JUMP OFF THIS CLIFF, OR I WILL SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK! ONE--
NICE FELLER!
THE EVIL NAZI FORCES HEADLINE TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF!
BRAINS, IF YOU'VE EVER HELPED ME BEFORE. - DO IT AGAIN NOW!
TWO.
THR-- WHA--!!
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, RAT!
WHACK!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE--- OH, THE HOTEL MANAGER, EH? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.
YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE, DOG!
I'LL FINISH YOU OFF. RIGHT NOW!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU ADOLF!
THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! I WONDER IF I'LL BE ABLE TO TELEGRAPH THIS STORY IN TIME. FOR THE EVENING EXTRA!
5.

Dead Man's Ring

By STAN LEE

PAUL MARTIN didn't know that death was waiting at the end of the trail!

For days he had been traveling in the dense north woods, searching for the famous gold deposit which had been buried by Chief Little Eagle many years ago. For days he had braved the cold, the loneliness which drives men mad, the fear of failure, and the threat of wild animals. For Paul Martin was determined to get the gold and he would let nothing stop him!

Paul Martin took a small ring out of his pocket. It was the ring which had belonged to Will Smithers, the old trapper from whom Paul Martin had stolen the map which had the location of the treasure. Paul Martin smiled as he thought of how clever he had been in getting the map away from the old trapper and then in killing Smithers so that no other human being would know about the treasure. Paul Martin had kept Smithers' ring because he was afraid that it would help the police to identify Smithers' body after it was fished out of the river.

Night and day Paul Martin walked thru the woods, his compass in one hand and his gun in the other! For he knew that the only law this far from civilization was the law of force and the judgment of the six-gun!

Suddenly, Paul Martin saw a large hill loom up before him. "That's it!" he cried. "That's the same hill which is drawn on my map! That means I'm getting near the spot—I'm almost at the treasure!"

But just as Paul Martin was about to walk towards the large hill, he noticed something on the ground which made his heart stand still for a second. It was a human footprint!

"A footprint!" he exclaimed. "That means that somebody else has been here too! Perhaps somebody else is also searching for the treasure!" Paul Martin cocked the trigger of his six-gun. "But nobody shall have it! Nobody, I say!"

Then he noticed something else about the footprint. It was not the imprint of a shoe, just the mark of a bare foot! "Wh—why this is the mark of a bare foot!" Paul Martin realized. "It either means that there is a white man nearby going barefooted, or else there are natives lurking about!" Paul Martin thought for a moment. "But there aren't supposed to be any human beings in this part of the woods. It's supposed to be completely deserted! Suppose—suppose there is a race of people living here which civilized men don't know about! Suppose I discover a new race!"

At that moment Paul Martin was very grateful for the fact that he had his revolver in his hand. He looked around him fearfully, but saw nothing. "Oh well," he said, "I'm not going to let one little footprint worry me or stop me from getting what I'm going after!"

And so Paul Martin walked on thru the dense foliage, little dreaming or suspecting that hostile eyes were watching his every move, and hostile fingers were clutching huge spears and bows and arrows from behind nearby bushes, waiting for a chance to attack!

For hours Paul Martin marched on, his thoughts with the huge fortune in gold which he planned to possess in a short time. Sharp twigs caught at his legs and made them bleed, the wind blew so hard at times that he could hardly breathe, once or twice he almost lost his way and had to walk back a few miles and start all over again, but still he kept on. For the lure of gold is powerful to the minds of the lawless!

On and on he marched, the forest falling behind him and the land becoming more and more level and treeless. Finally, he reached a spot where there were no more trees, and for miles around there were no plants, flowers, rocks, lakes or anything. Just barren, level land! And in back of the flat expanse of land was the huge hill he had seen before—and on top of the hill was a fortune in hidden gold!

Paul Martin could hardly believe his eyes. "At last!" he cried. "At last, after all these months, I'm almost there! All I have to do is cross this little prarie-land and I'll have the gold in my grasp! Ha ha, nothing can stop me now!"

But Paul Martin didn't notice the evil-looking figures stealing up behind him. As silently as jungle beasts they moved, for indeed they were jungle beasts—two legged jungle beasts! Some held sharp-pointed, deadly spears, and others held large bows with needle edge arrows. Slowly, stealthily they crept up behind Paul Martin, every nerve in their bodies tense, every muscle ready! And then they leaped!

Paul Martin felt a body jump on his back and throw him to the ground. He tried to turn and use his gun but it was knocked from his hand as though it had been a toy before he had a chance to move. Then, in a few seconds he was securely bound and placed on the ground face up.

Looking up at his captors Paul Martin saw a dozen huge men, about 7 feet tall, with glistening reddish-brown bodies and feathers in their hair. They looked like the old paintings of American Indians, only they were larger and more powerful.

One of the Indians who seemed to be a chief bent down to Paul Martin and said: "Ho, white man, what is your mission in our sacred land?"

Paul Martin looked at him in astonishment. "You—you speak English?" he asked, incredulously.

The Indian looked down at Paul Martin with scorn in his eyes. "Of course I speak English. Do you white men think that only you have the right to speak English?"

"But—but how did you learn? asked Paul Martin.

"Years ago my tribe was taught English by our chief who had lived in white man's cities for years. It was the great chief Little Eagle!" answered the leader of the Indians.

"Chief Little Eagle!" exclaimed Paul Martin. "Why—he's the one who—!' But Paul Martin didn't finish his sentence. "There's no reason to tell these savages about the gold," he thought. "I might as well keep that secret to myself."

"But you have not answered my question," insisted the Indian chief. "What are you doing in this land?"

"I—I'm just an explorer," answered Paul Martin. "No white men had ever visited this part of the north woods before, so I thought I would do it and see what sort of land it is. That's the only reason I'm here!"

The Indian chief looked at his comrades with a sly smile. "That is too bad," he said. "Too bad for you, I mean. You see, we have a law that every white man who visits the land of the great chief Little Eagle be put to death! So we shall have to kill you!"

"But why? I have done nothing." Paul Martin was beginning to get real frightened. Suppose these savages really intended to kill him!

"It doesn't matter what you have done!" answered the Indian. "You have violated our sacred land by your presence and you must die!" The Indian turned to the others. "Come!" he ordered, "prepare the sacrificial knife. We shall take his life right now!"

Paul Martin couldn't believe his eyes as he saw one of the Indians taking a huge, sharp knife from its holder and handing it to the chief. "No! Stop!" he cried. "I know where there is gold. Much gold! Spare my life and you shall have it! All of it! It is the gold of your chief, Little Eagle!"

The Indian Chief looked angry. "Ho!" he roared. "That is the real reason you have come here! You were seeking our gold! You fool, we know where the gold is, and no white man shall ever have it!" Then the chief seized the knife and bent over the terrified figure of Paul Martin. "And now, white man," he muttered, "prepare to die!"

Suddenly one of the other Indians said to the chief, "Oh, great one, why not wait 'til midnight when the full moon shall be at its brightest? Then can we perform our ritual in accordance with ancient law."

The chief looked up. "Ah, that is good," he said. Then to Paul Martin, "You may live until midnight, tonight!" Then the chief turned to his tribesmen, "Come, let us sleep until midnight, so that we may be rested and able to enjoy our ritual!"

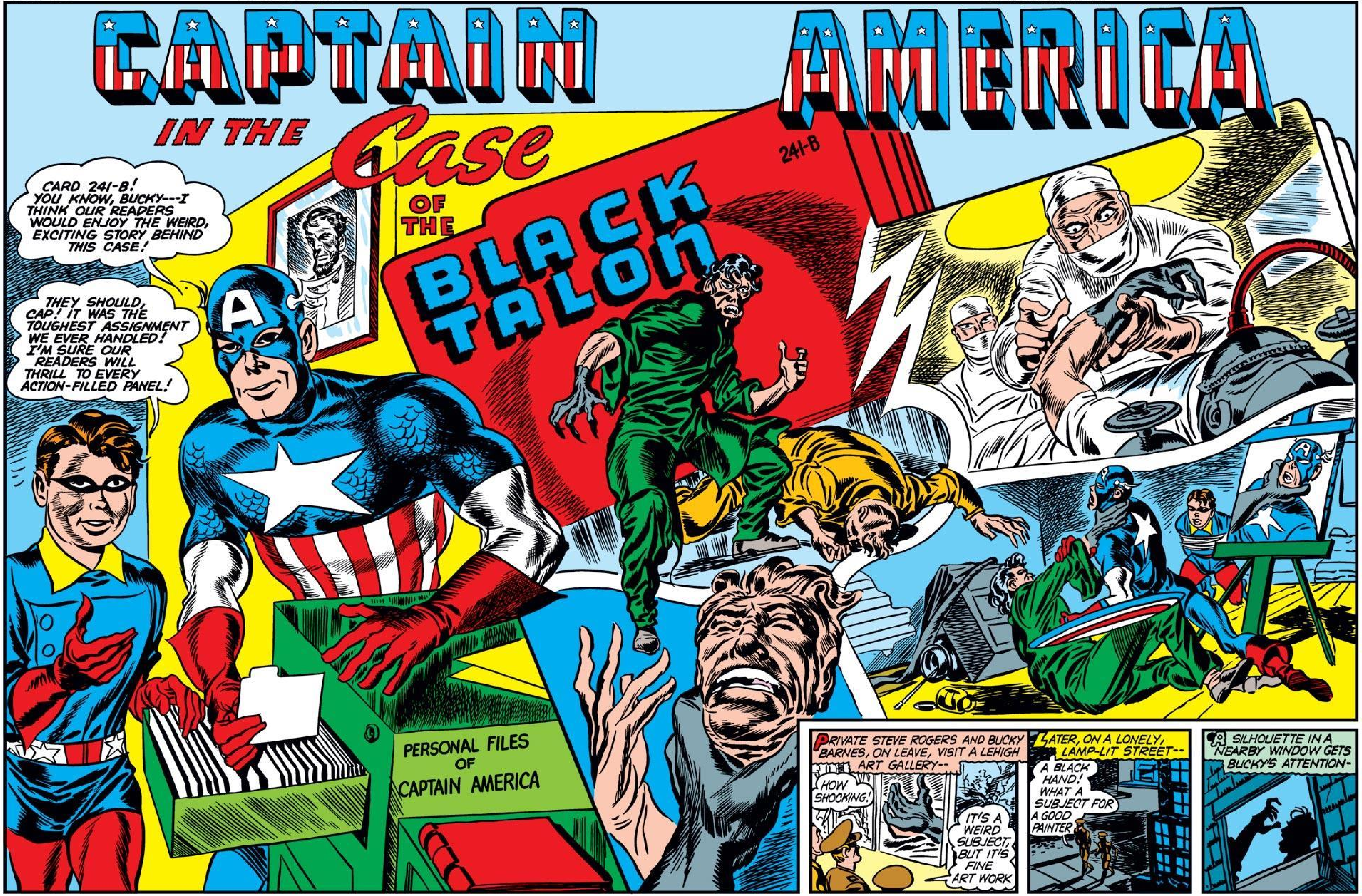
In a few seconds the entire tribe was sleeping soundly. Paul Martin, though, was working out a desperate plan. He had a thin hunting knife concealed in one of his sleeves. He planned to slip it out, cut his ropes, sneak away and get the treasure and then escape before the Indians awoke!

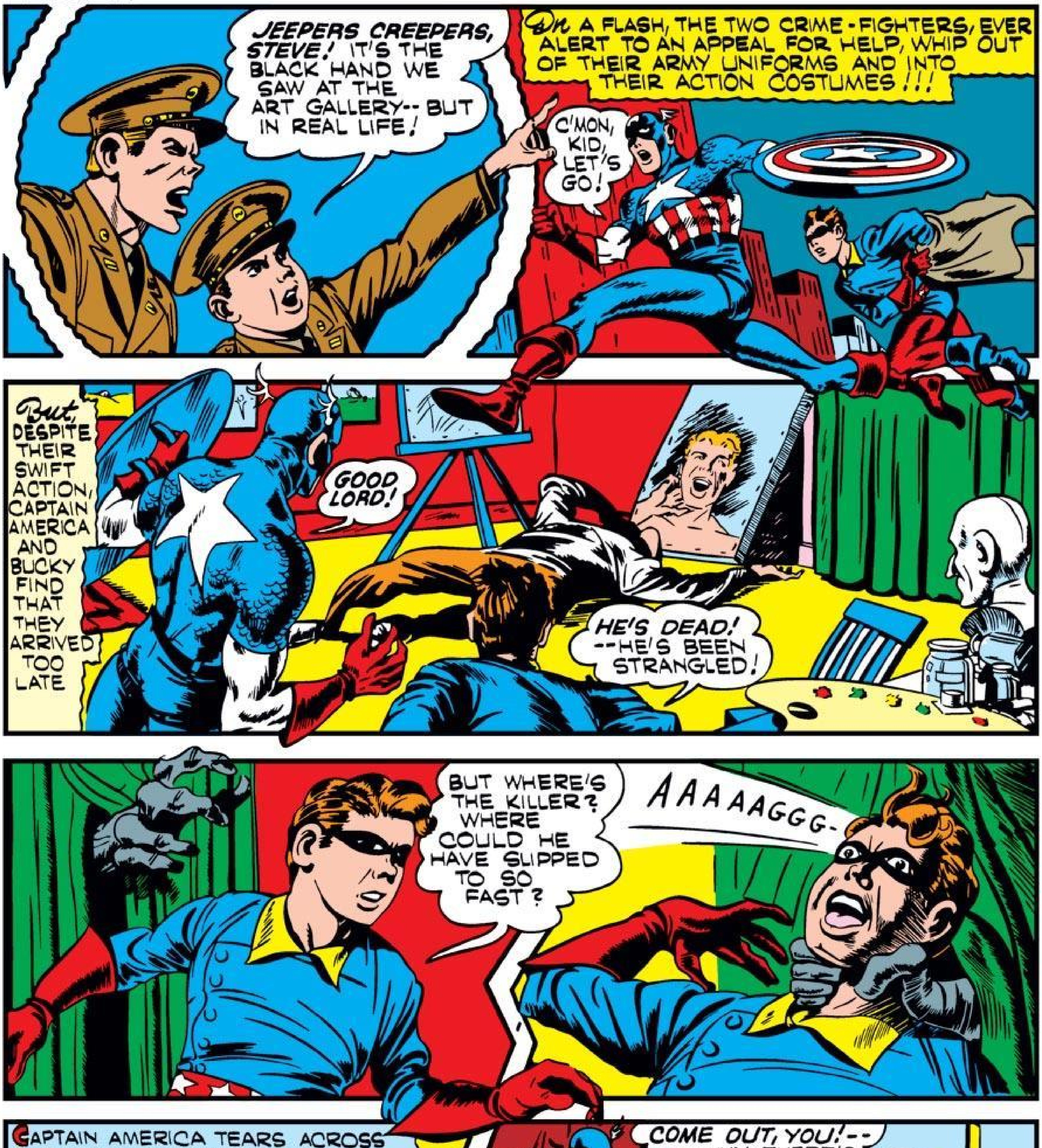
After breathless moments Paul Martin succeeded in cutting thru his bonds and he stood up noiselessly. "Fool savages," he whispered. "When you awake I will be far away with all your tribe's gold. Ha ha ha, nothing can stop me!"

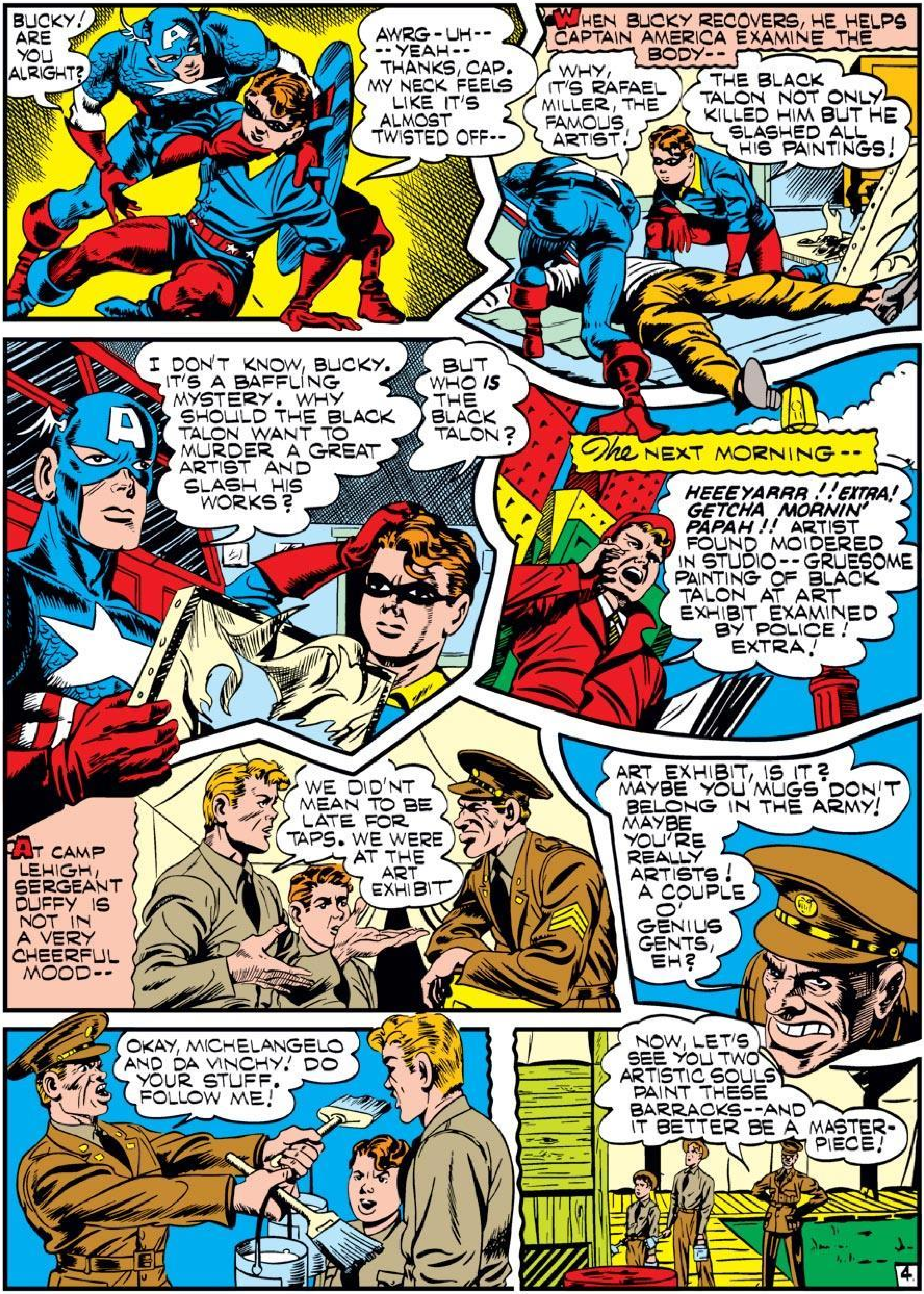
But just as Paul Martin started to slip away from the Indians, something fell from his pocket and onto a small stone, causing a loud "clang". In an instant the entire tribe was awake and racing toward the petrified figure of Paul Martin.

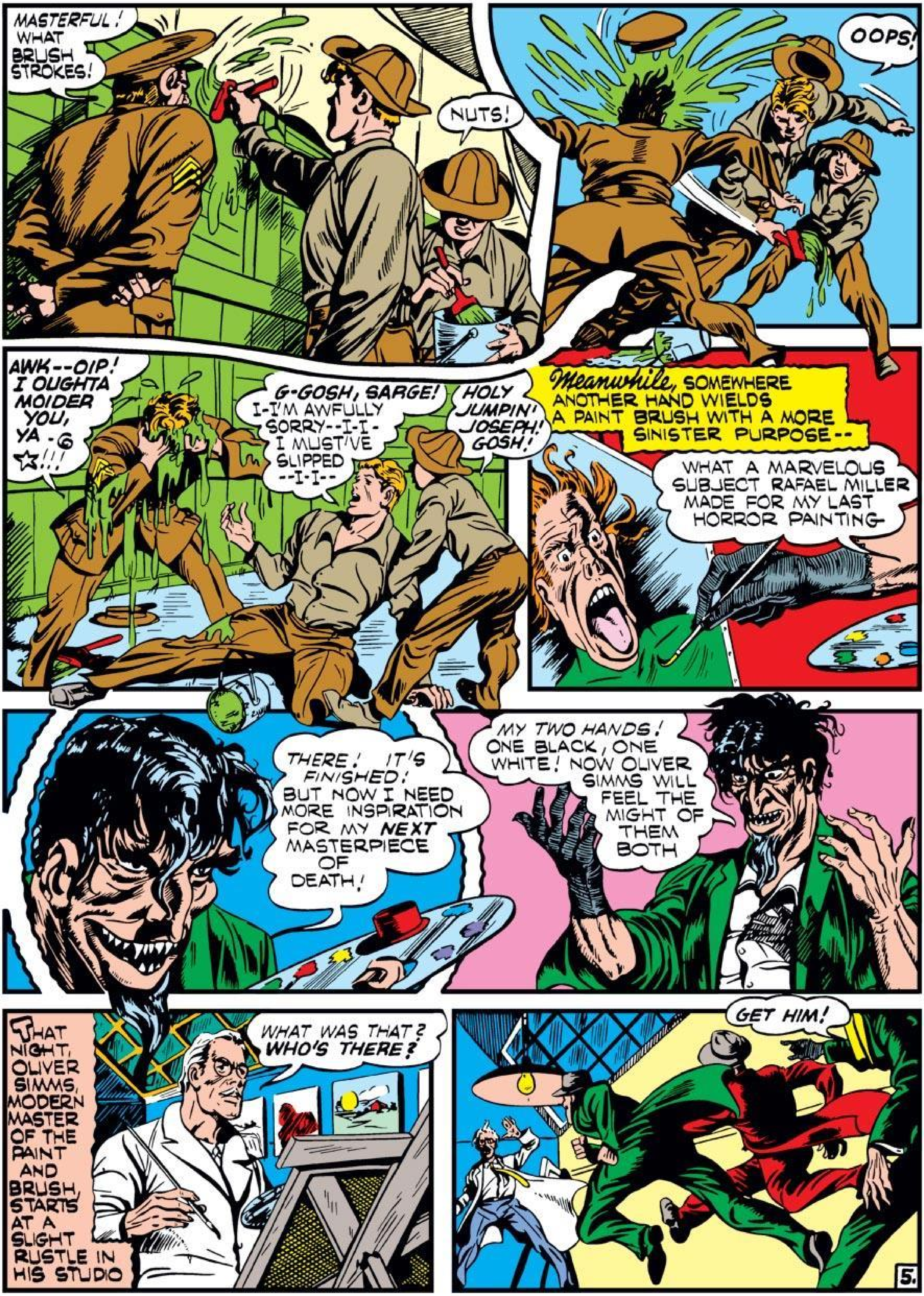
"You tried to escape, did you?" asked the chief. "Well, you will get your reward now! You see, we knew that you must have murdered Will Smithers in order to get the secret of the treasure, for he was the only living man who knew the secret, after Little Eagle died. And so, although the white man's law cannot catch you, you will be punished by the law of the red man! Murderer, take this — !"

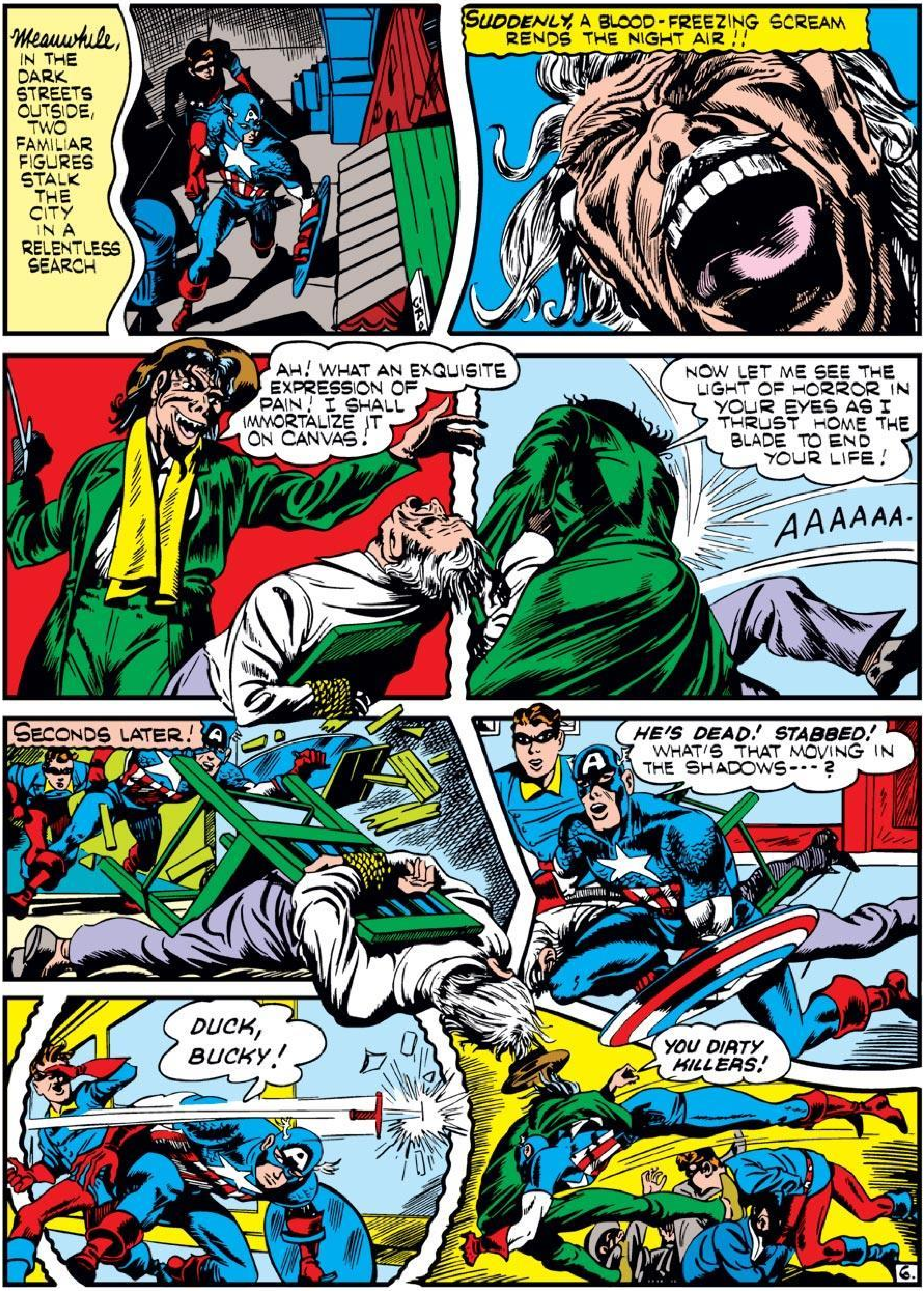
The next day, nothing remained on the spot to tell the gruesome tale of what had occurred there. Nothing except the little object which had fallen out of Paul Martin's pocket and which had caused him to be captured again. A little object which no one had noticed or picked up—the ring of Will Smithers!

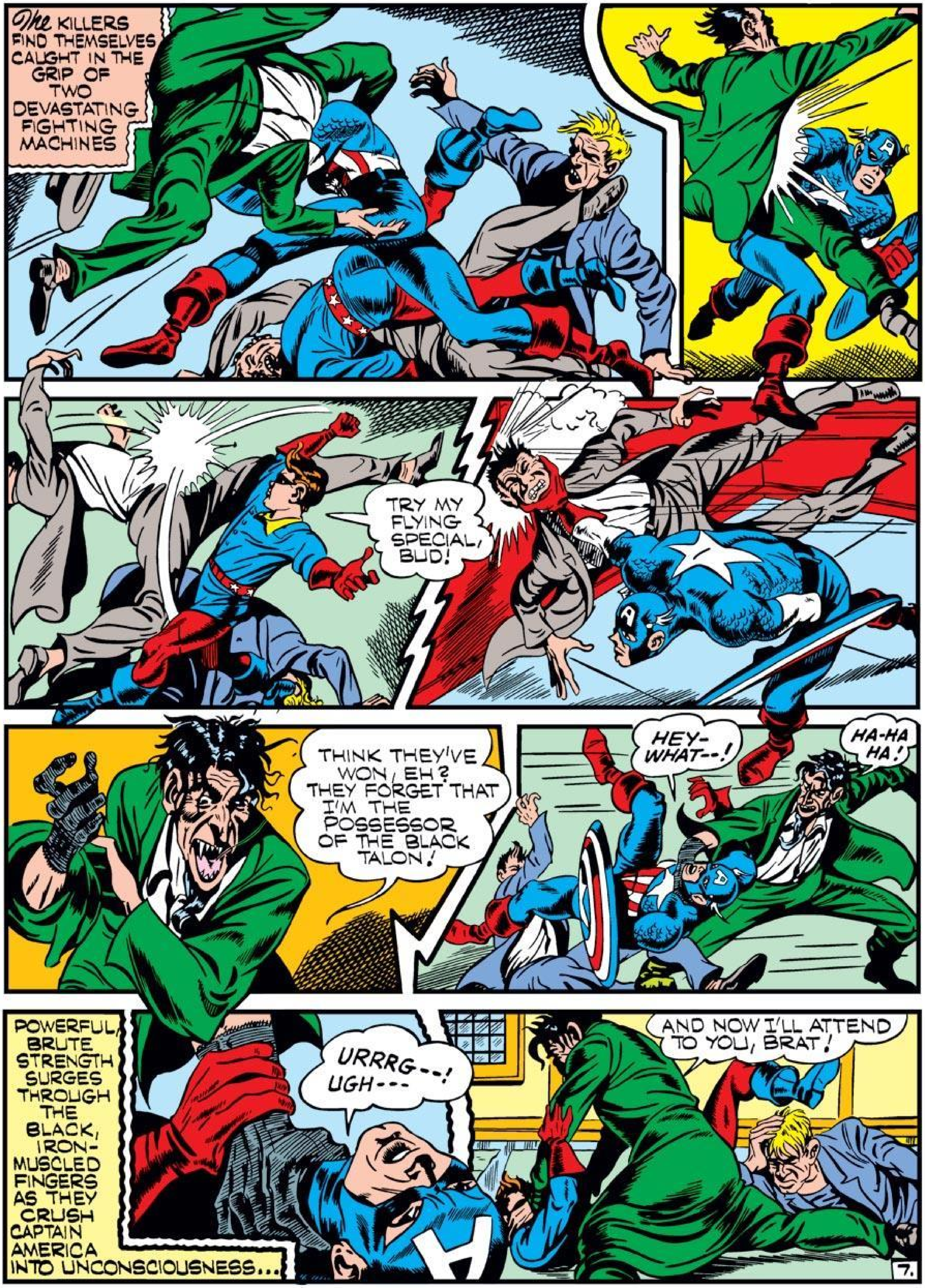

CAPTAIN AMERICA
IN THE Case OF THE BLACK TALON
241-B
CARD 241-B! YOU KNOW, BUCKY---I THINK OUR READERS WOULD ENJOY THE WEIRD, EXCITING STORY BEHIND THIS CASE!
THEY SHOULD, CAP! IT WAS THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT WE EVER HANDLED! I'M SURE OUR READERS WILL THRILL TO EVERY ACTION-FILLED PANEL!
A
PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, ON LEAVE, VISIT A LEHIGH ART GALLERY--
HOW SHOCKING!
IT'S A WEIRD SUBJECT, BUT IT'S FINE ART WORK
LATER, ON A LONELY, LAMP-LIT STREET--
A BLACK HAND! WHAT A SUBJECT FOR A GOOD PAINTER
A SILHOUETTE IN A NEARBY WINDOW GETS BUCKY'S ATTENTION-

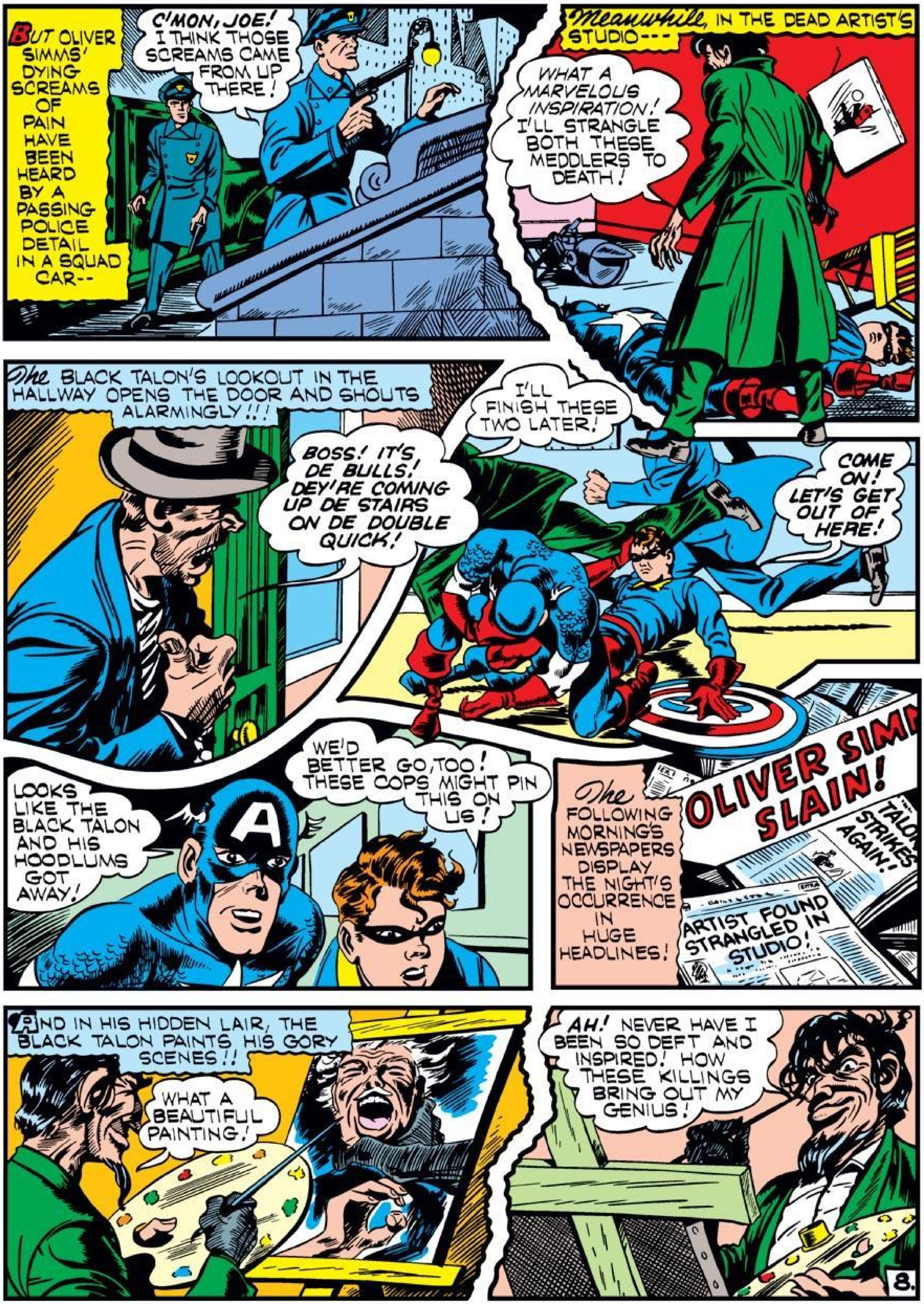

JEEPERS CREEPERS, STEVE! IT'S THE BLACK HAND WE SAW AT THE ART GALLERY-- BUT IN REAL LIFE!
In A FLASH, THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS, EVER ALERT TO AN APPEAL FOR HELP, WHIP OUT OF THEIR ARMY UNIFORMS AND INTO THEIR ACTION COSTUMES!!!
C'MON, KID, LET'S GO!
But, DESPITE THEIR SWIFT ACTION, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIND THAT THEY ARRIVED TOO LATE
GOOD LORD!
HE'S DEAD! --HE'S BEEN STRANGLED!
BUT WHERE'S THE KILLER? WHERE COULD HE HAVE SLIPPED TO SO FAST?
AAAAAGGG-
CAPTAIN AMERICA TEARS ACROSS THE ROOM TO HELP BUCKY--
BUCKY!
COME OUT, YOU!-- --WHY, THERE'S NOBODY THERE!
UGG--
3.

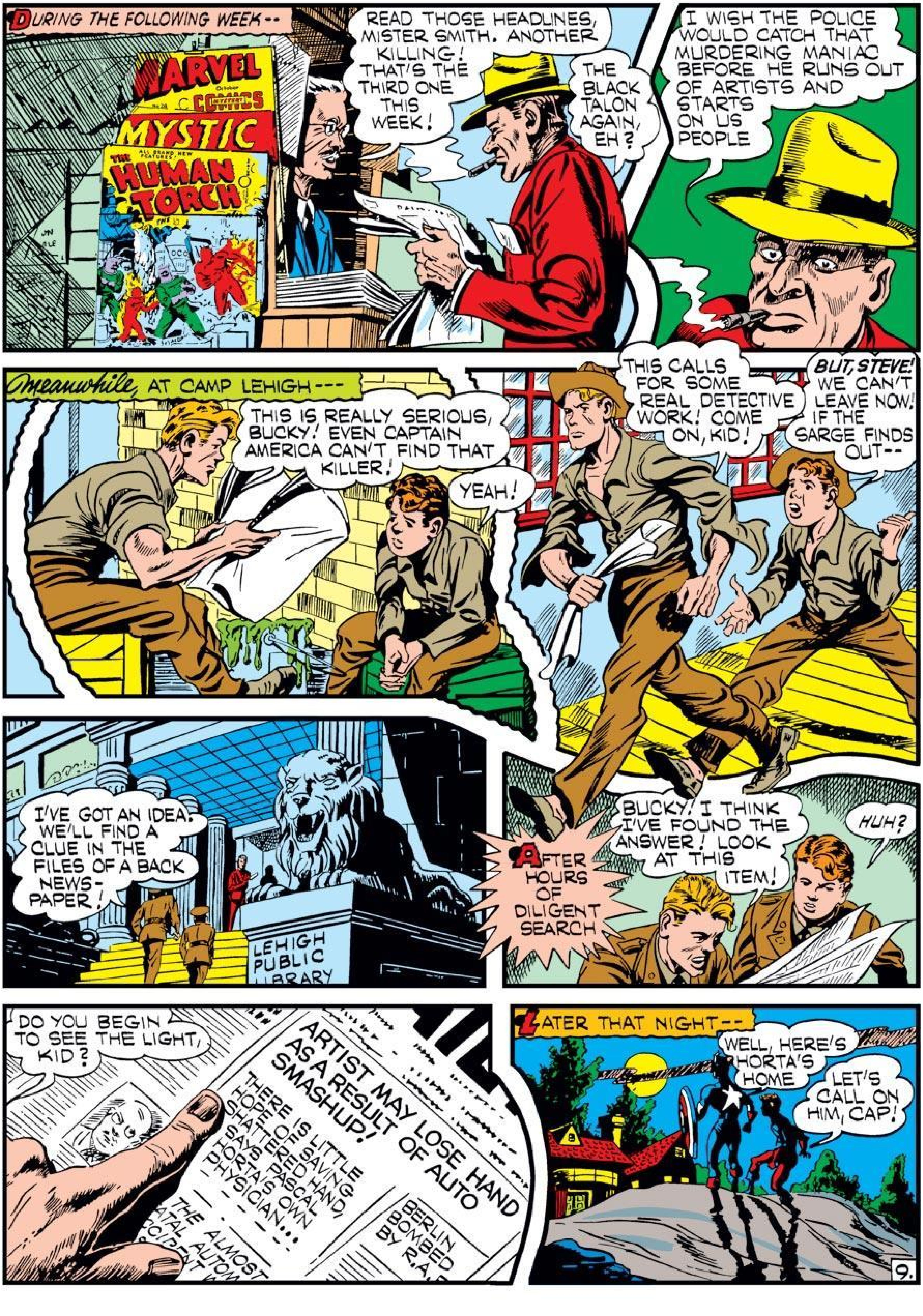

BUCKY! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
AWRG-UH-- --YEAH-- THANKS, CAP. MY NECK FEELS LIKE IT'S ALMOST TWISTED OFF--
WHEN BUCKY RECOVERS, HE HELPS CAPTAIN AMERICA EXAMINE THE BODY--
WHY, IT'S RAFAEL MILLER, THE FAMOUS ARTIST!
THE BLACK TALON NOT ONLY KILLED HIM BUT HE SLASHED ALL HIS PAINTINGS!
I DON'T KNOW, BUCKY. IT'S A BAFFLING MYSTERY. WHY SHOULD THE BLACK TALON WANT TO MURDER A GREAT ARTIST AND SLASH HIS WORKS?
BUT WHO *IS* THE BLACK TALON?
The NEXT MORNING--
HEEEYARRR!! EXTRA! GETCHA MORNIN' PAPAH!! ARTIST FOUND MOIDERED IN STUDIO--GRUESOME PAINTING OF BLACK TALON AT ART EXHIBIT EXAMINED BY POLICE! EXTRA!
AT CAMP LEHIGH, SERGEANT DUFFY IS NOT IN A VERY CHEERFUL MOOD--
WE DID'NT MEAN TO BE LATE FOR TAPS. WE WERE AT THE ART EXHIBIT
ART EXHIBIT, IS IT? MAYBE YOU MUGS DON'T BELONG IN THE ARMY! MAYBE YOU'RE REALLY ARTISTS! A COUPLE O' GENIUS GENTS, EH?
OKAY, MICHELANGELO AND DA VINCHY! DO YOUR STUFF. FOLLOW ME!
NOW, LET'S SEE YOU TWO ARTISTIC SOULS PAINT THESE BARRACKS--AND IT BETTER BE A MASTERPIECE!
4.

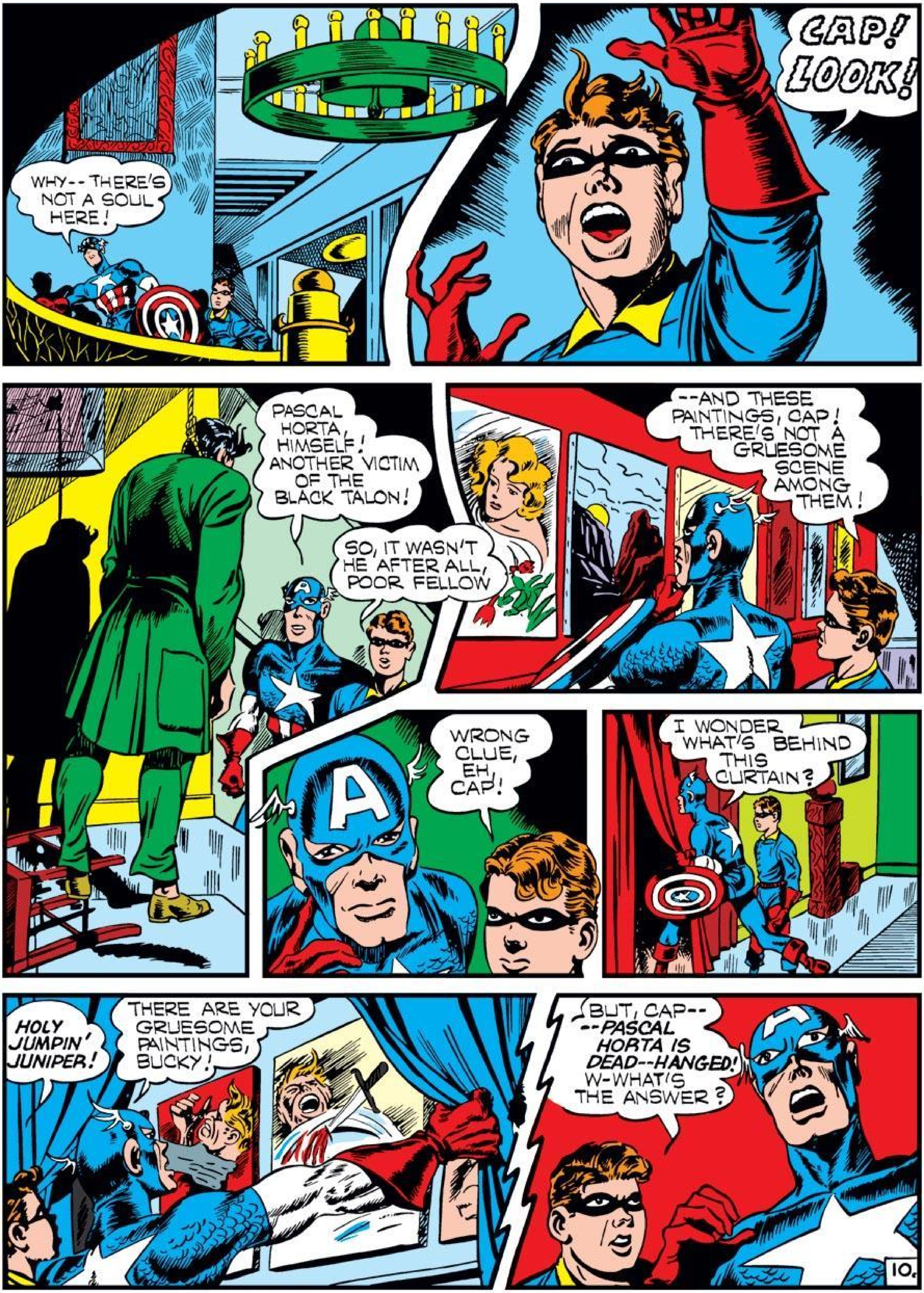

MASTERFUL! WHAT BRUSH STROKES!
NUTS!
OOPS!
AWK--OIP! I OUGHTA MOIDER YOU, YA -G ☆!!!
G-GOSH, SARGE! I-I'M AWFULLY SORRY--I-I- I MUST'VE SLIPPED --I-I--
HOLY JUMPIN' JOSEPH! GOSH!
Meanwhile, SOMEWHERE ANOTHER HAND WIELDS A PAINT BRUSH WITH A MORE SINISTER PURPOSE--
WHAT A MARVELOUS SUBJECT RAFAEL MILLER MADE FOR MY LAST HORROR PAINTING--
THERE! IT'S FINISHED! BUT NOW I NEED MORE INSPIRATION FOR MY NEXT MASTERPIECE OF DEATH!
MY TWO HANDS! ONE BLACK, ONE WHITE! NOW OLIVER SIMMS WILL FEEL THE MIGHT OF THEM BOTH
THAT NIGHT, OLIVER SIMMS, MODERN MASTER OF THE PAINT AND BRUSH, STARTS AT A SLIGHT RUSTLE IN HIS STUDIO
WHAT WAS THAT? WHO'S THERE?
GET HIM!
5.

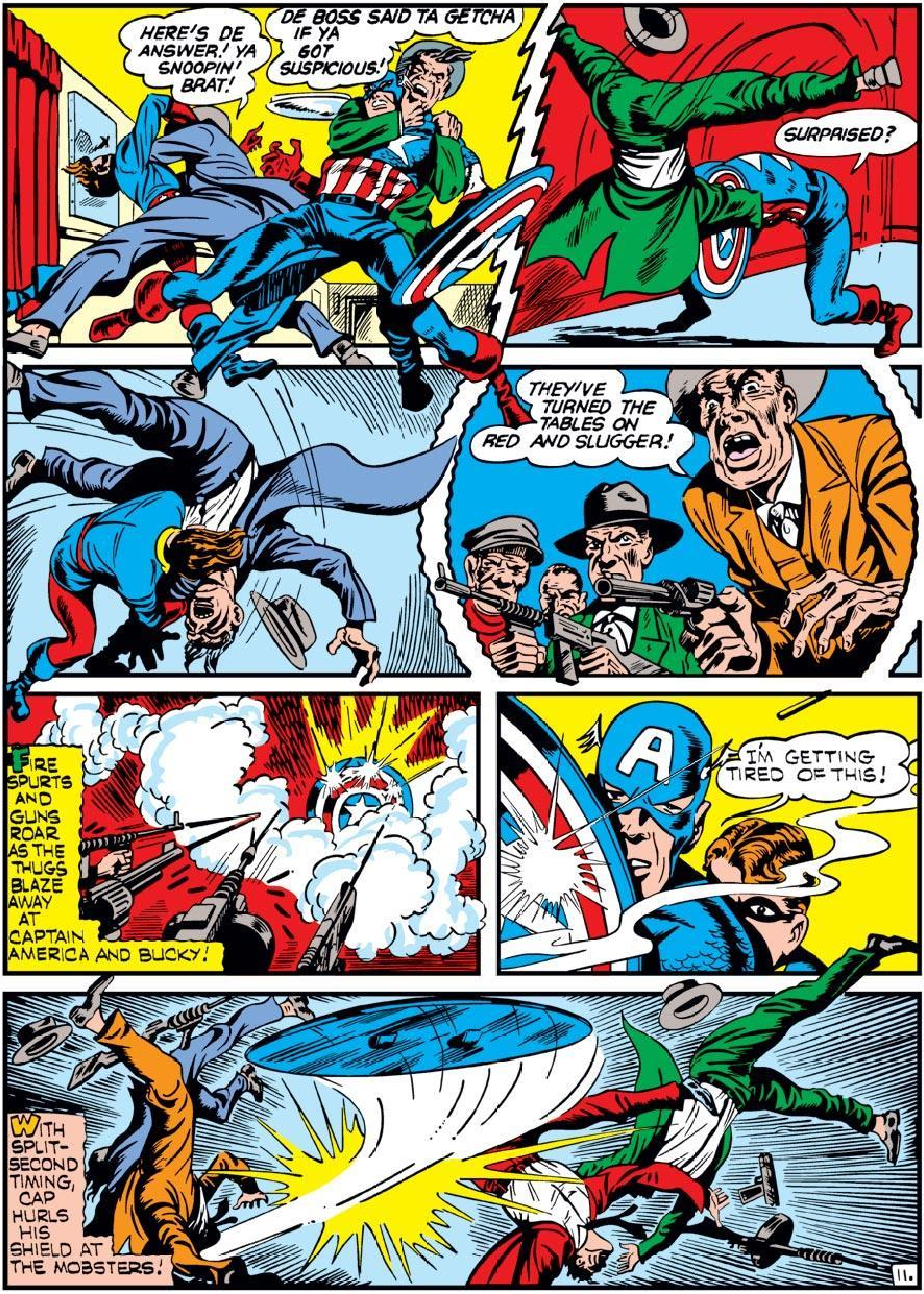

Meanwhile, IN THE DARK STREETS OUTSIDE, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES STALK THE CITY IN A RELENTLESS SEARCH
SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-FREEZING SCREAM RENDS THE NIGHT AIR!!
AH! WHAT AN EXQUISITE EXPRESSION OF PAIN! I SHALL IMMORTALIZE IT ON CANVAS!
NOW LET ME SEE THE LIGHT OF HORROR IN YOUR EYES AS I THRUST HOME THE BLADE TO END YOUR LIFE!
AAAAAA-
SECONDS LATER!
HE'S DEAD! STABBED! WHAT'S THAT MOVING IN THE SHADOWS---?
DUCK, BUCKY!
YOU DIRTY KILLERS!
6.

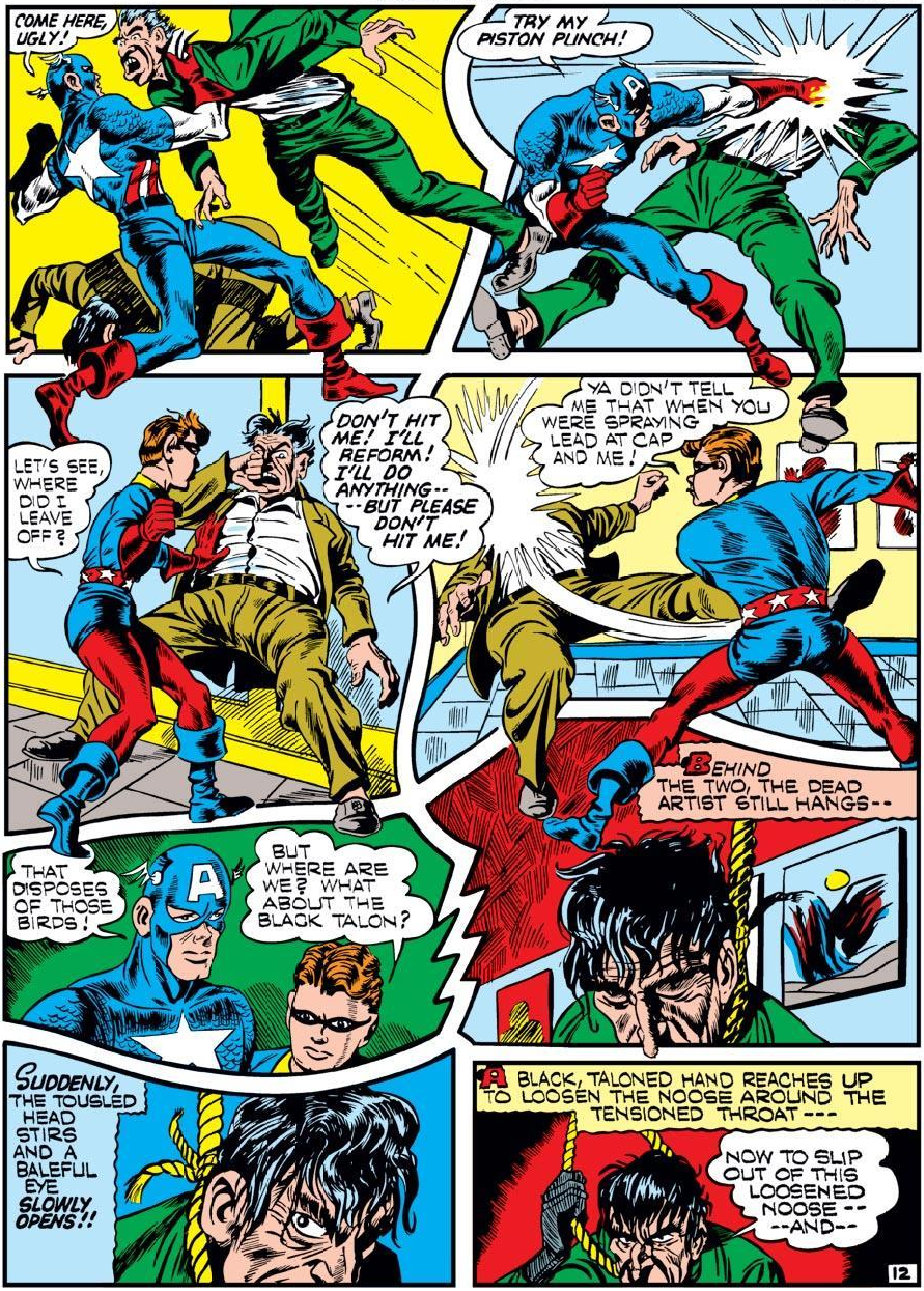

The KILLERS FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF TWO DEVASTATING FIGHTING MACHINES
TRY MY FLYING SPECIAL, BUD!
THINK THEY'VE WON, EH? THEY FORGET THAT I'M THE POSSESSOR OF THE BLACK TALON!
HEY- WHAT--!
HA-HA HA!
POWERFUL, BRUTE STRENGTH SURGES THROUGH THE BLACK, IRON-MUSCLED FINGERS AS THEY CRUSH CAPTAIN AMERICA INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
URRRG--! UGH---
AND NOW I'LL ATTEND TO YOU, BRAT!
7.

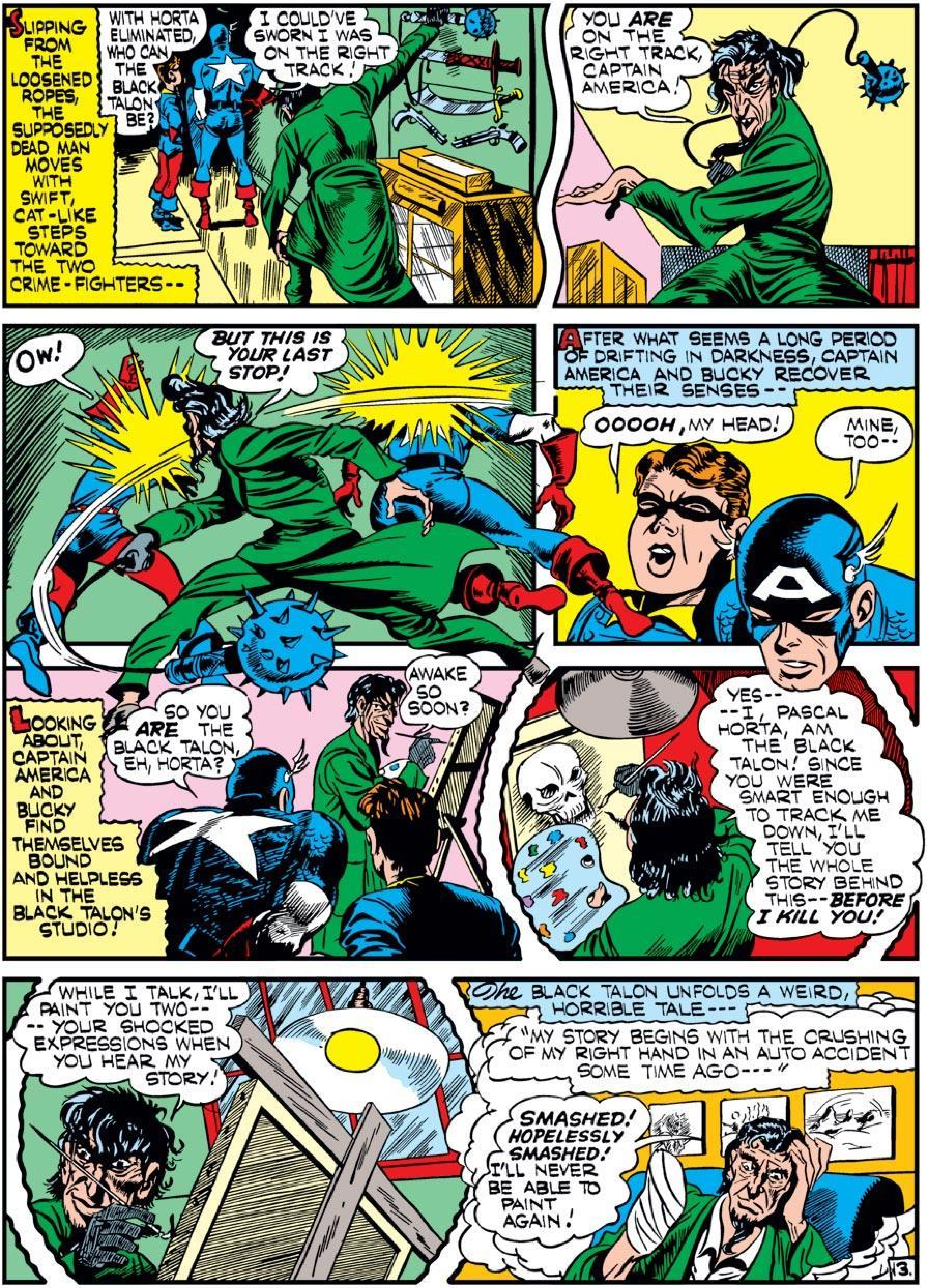

BUT OLIVER SIMMS' DYING SCREAMS OF PAIN HAVE BEEN HEARD BY A PASSING POLICE DETAIL IN A SQUAD CAR--
C'MON, JOE! I THINK THOSE SCREAMS CAME FROM UP THERE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE DEAD ARTIST'S STUDIO---
WHAT A MARVELOUS INSPIRATION! I'LL STRANGLE BOTH THESE MEDDLERS TO DEATH!
THE BLACK TALON'S LOOKOUT IN THE HALLWAY OPENS THE DOOR AND SHOUTS ALARMINGLY!!!
BOSS! IT'S DE BULLS! DEY'RE COMING UP DE STAIRS ON DE DOUBLE QUICK!
I'LL FINISH THESE TWO LATER!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK TALON AND HIS HOODLUMS GOT AWAY!
WE'D BETTER GO, TOO! THESE COPS MIGHT PIN THIS ON US!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING'S NEWSPAPERS DISPLAY THE NIGHT'S OCCURRENCE IN HUGE HEADLINES!
OLIVER SIMM
SLAIN!
TALON STRIKES AGAIN!
ARTIST FOUND STRANGLED IN STUDIO!
AND IN HIS HIDDEN LAIR, THE BLACK TALON PAINTS HIS GORY SCENES!!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING!
AH! NEVER HAVE I BEEN SO DEFT AND INSPIRED! HOW THESE KILLINGS BRING OUT MY GENIUS!
8.

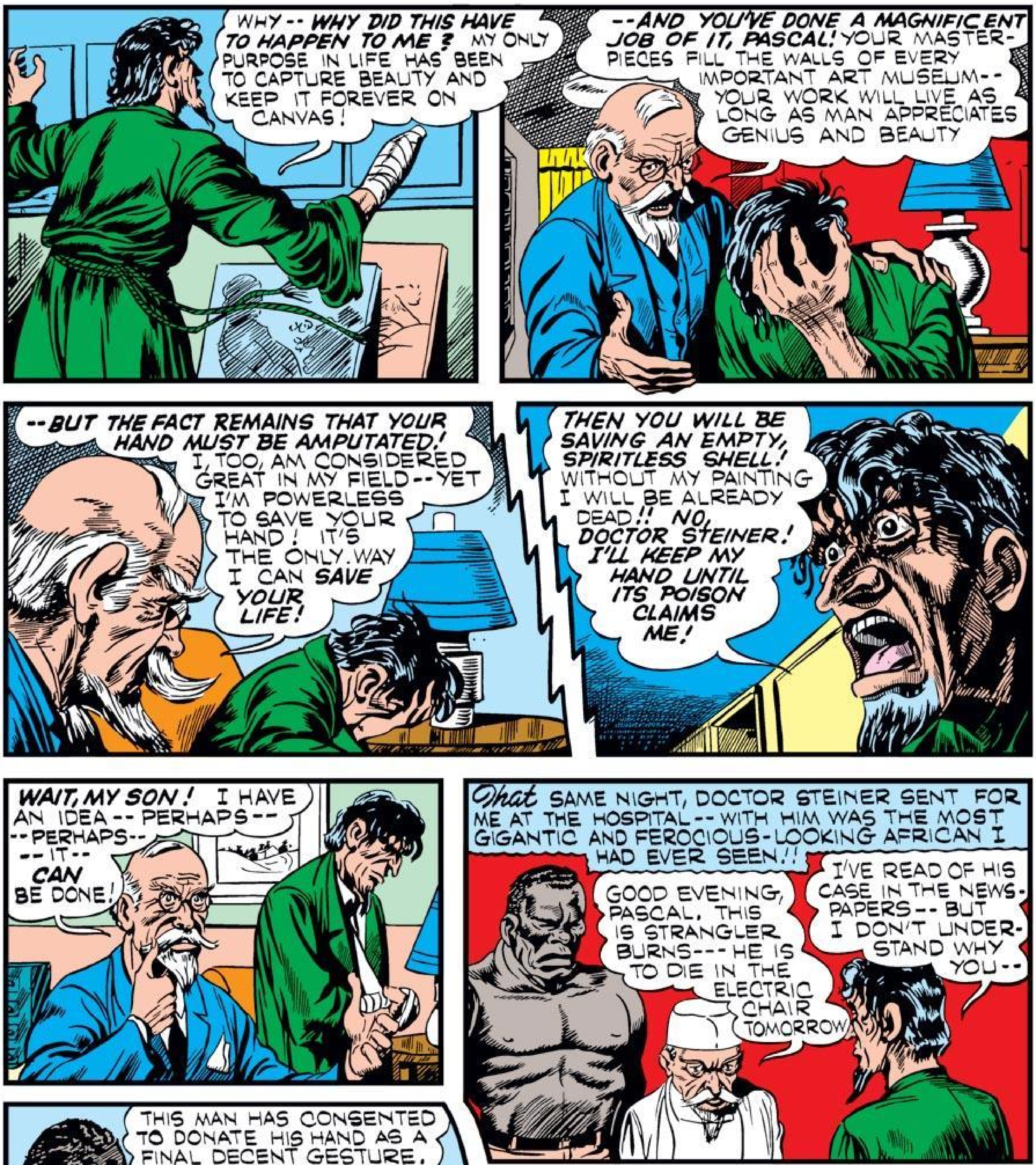

DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEK--
MARVEL COMICS
MYSTIC
THE HUMAN TORCH
READ THOSE HEADLINES, MISTER SMITH. ANOTHER KILLING! THAT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK!
THE BLACK TALON AGAIN, EH?
I WISH THE POLICE WOULD CATCH THAT MURDERING MANIAC BEFORE HE RUNS OUT OF ARTISTS AND STARTS ON US PEOPLE
MEANWHILE, AT CAMP LEHIGH---
THIS IS REALLY SERIOUS, BUCKY! EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN'T FIND THAT KILLER!
YEAH!
THIS CALLS FOR SOME REAL DETECTIVE WORK! COME ON, KID!
BUT, STEVE! WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW! IF THE SARGE FINDS OUT--
I'VE GOT AN IDEA. WE'LL FIND A CLUE IN THE FILES OF A BACK NEWSPAPER!
LEHIGH PUBLIC LIBRARY
AFTER HOURS OF DILIGENT SEARCH
BUCKY! I THINK I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER! LOOK AT THIS ITEM!
HUH?
DO YOU BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT, KID?
ARTIST MAY LOSE HAND AS A RESULT OF AUTO SMASHUP!
THERE IS LITTLE HOPE OF SAVING SHATTERED HAND, SAYS PASCAL HORTA'S OWN PHYSICIAN...
BERLIN BOMBED BY RA
THE ALMOST ATAL AUTO CCIDENT
LATER THAT NIGHT--
WELL, HERE'S HORTA'S HOME
LET'S CALL ON HIM, CAP!
9.

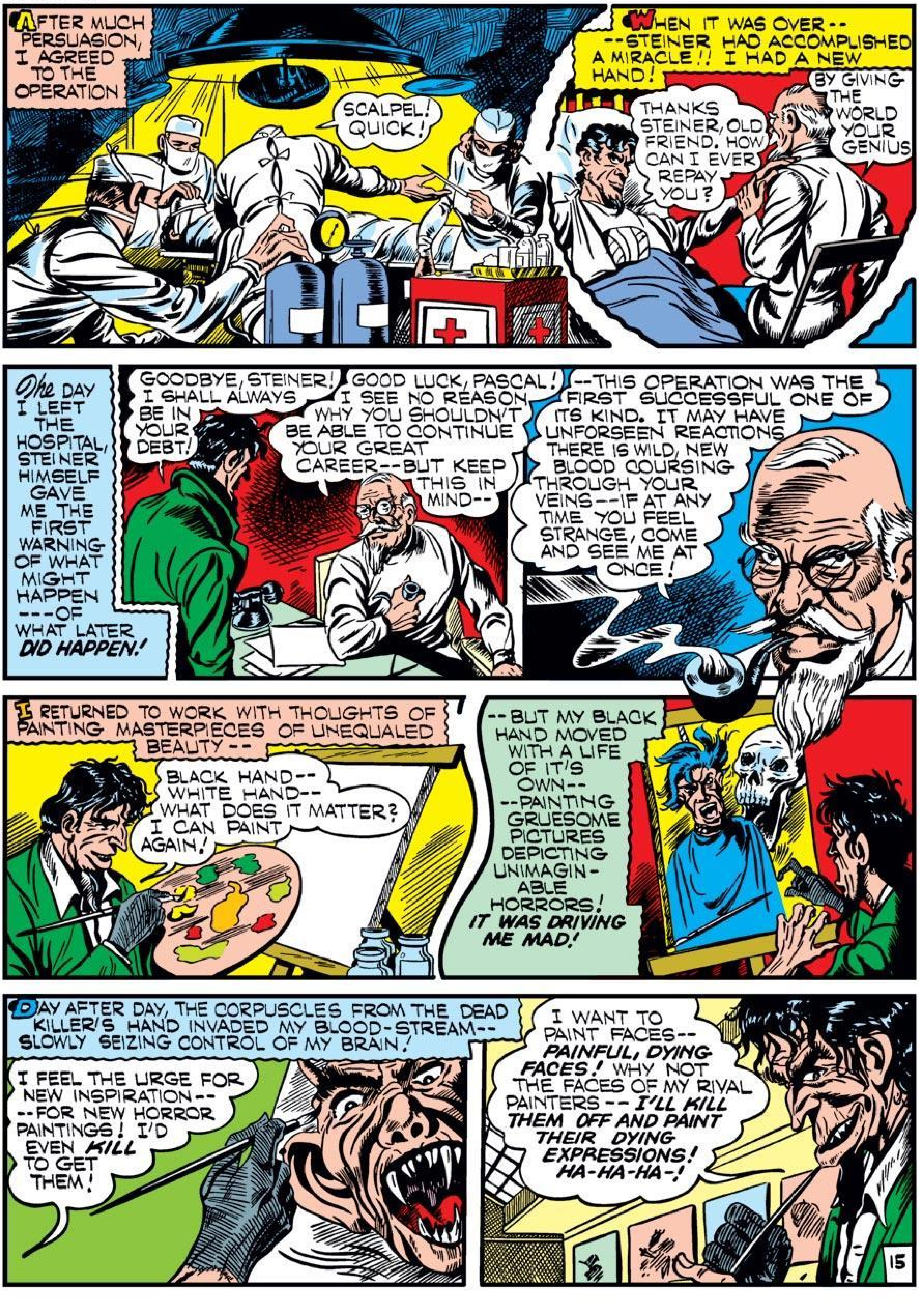

WHY-- THERE'S NOT A SOUL HERE!
CAP! LOOK!
PASCAL HORTA, HIMSELF! ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE BLACK TALON!
SO, IT WASN'T HE AFTER ALL, POOR FELLOW
--AND THESE PAINTINGS, CAP! THERE'S NOT A GRUESOME SCENE AMONG THEM!
WRONG CLUE, EH, CAP!
I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND THIS CURTAIN?
HOLY JUMPIN' JUNIPER!
THERE ARE YOUR GRUESOME PAINTINGS, BUCKY!
BUT, CAP-- --PASCAL HORTA IS DEAD--HANGED! W-WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
10.

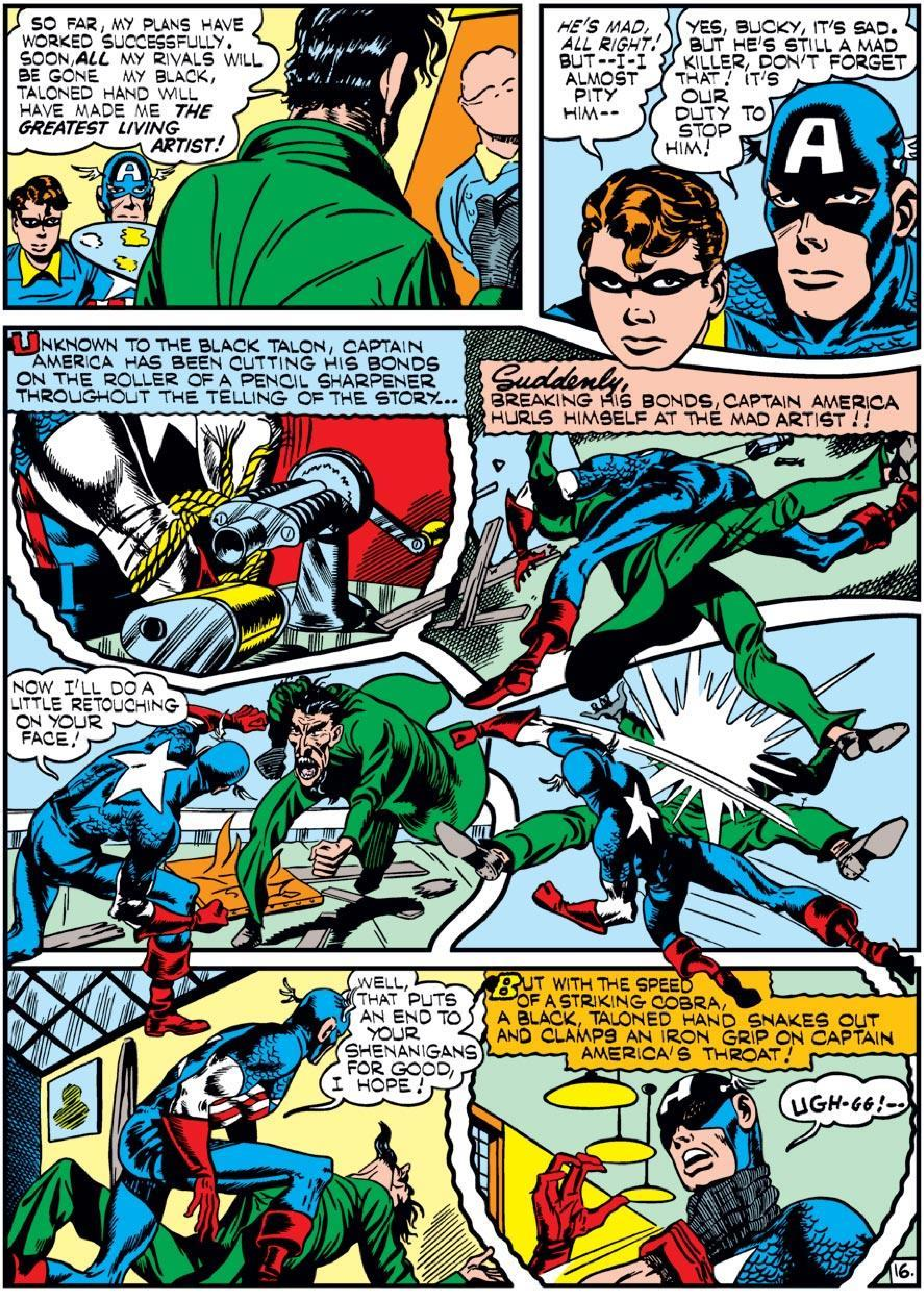

HERE'S DE ANSWER! YA SNOOPIN' BRAT!
DE BOSS SAID TA GETCHA IF YA GOT SUSPICIOUS!
SURPRISED?
THEY'VE TURNED THE TABLES ON RED AND SLUGGER!
FIRE SPURTS AND GUNS ROAR AS THE THUGS BLAZE AWAY AT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS!
WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, CAP HURLS HIS SHIELD AT THE MOBSTERS!
11.

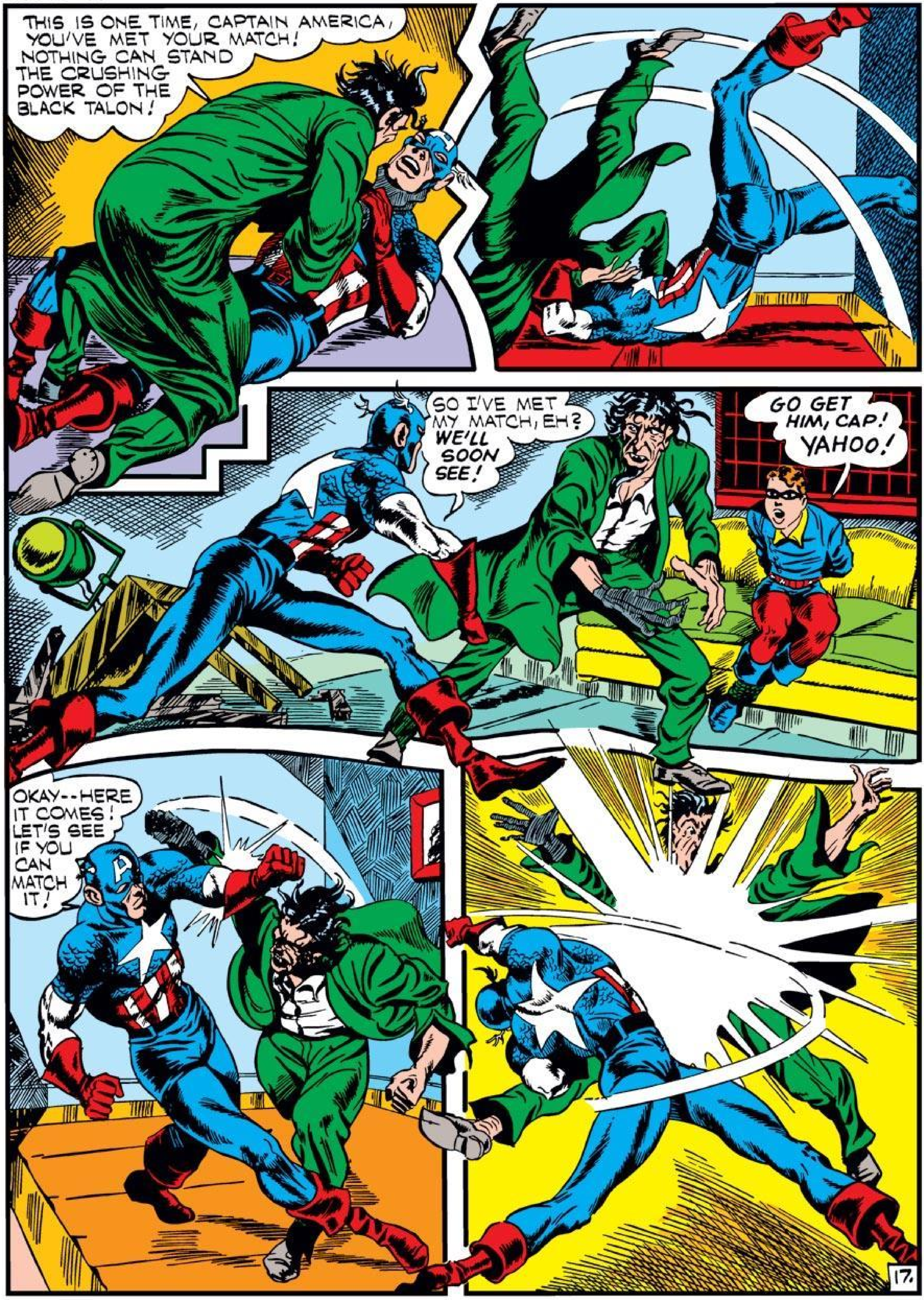

COME HERE, UGLY!
TRY MY PISTON PUNCH!
LET'S SEE, WHERE DID I LEAVE OFF?
DON'T HIT ME! I'LL REFORM! I'LL DO ANYTHING-- --BUT PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!
YA DIDN'T TELL ME THAT WHEN YOU WERE SPRAYING LEAD AT CAP AND ME!
BEHIND THE TWO, THE DEAD ARTIST STILL HANGS--
THAT DISPOSES OF THOSE BIRDS!
BUT WHERE ARE WE? WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK TALON?
SUDDENLY, THE TOUSLED HEAD STIRS AND A BALEFUL EYE SLOWLY OPENS!!
A BLACK, TALONED HAND REACHES UP TO LOOSEN THE NOOSE AROUND THE TENSIONED THROAT---
NOW TO SLIP OUT OF THIS LOOSENED NOOSE -- --AND--
12

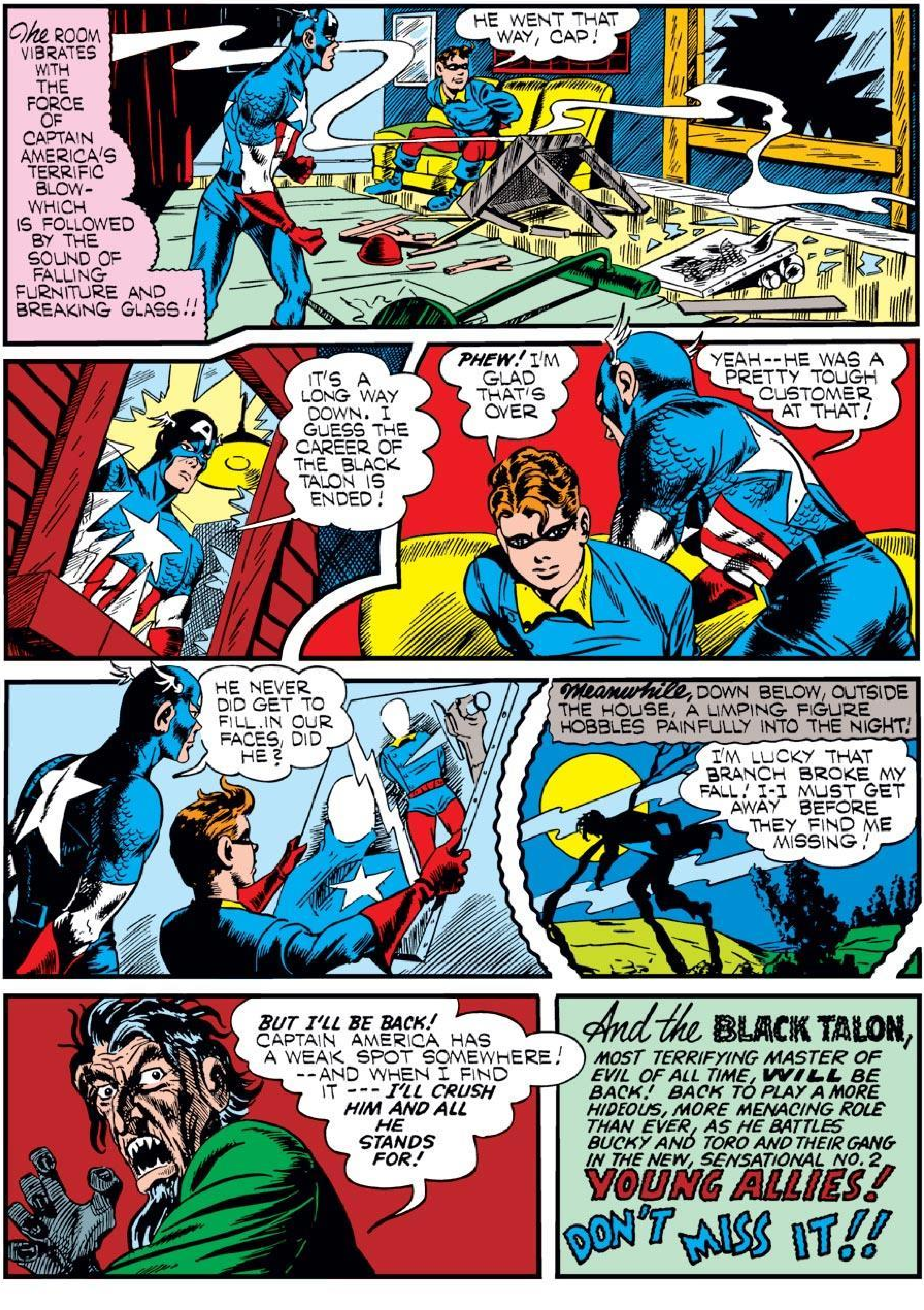

SLIPPING FROM THE LOOSENED ROPES, THE SUPPOSEDLY DEAD MAN MOVES WITH SWIFT, CAT-LIKE STEPS TOWARD THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS--
WITH HORTA ELIMINATED, WHO CAN THE BLACK TALON BE?
I COULD'VE SWORN I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
OW!
BUT THIS IS YOUR LAST STOP!
AFTER WHAT SEEMS A LONG PERIOD OF DRIFTING IN DARKNESS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RECOVER THEIR SENSES--
OOOOH, MY HEAD!
MINE, TOO--
LOOKING ABOUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIND THEMSELVES BOUND AND HELPLESS IN THE BLACK TALON'S STUDIO!
SO YOU ARE THE BLACK TALON, EH, HORTA?
AWAKE SO SOON?
YES-- --I, PASCAL HORTA, AM THE BLACK TALON! SINCE YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH TO TRACK ME DOWN, I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND THIS--BEFORE I KILL YOU!
WHILE I TALK, I'LL PAINT YOU TWO-- --YOUR SHOCKED EXPRESSIONS WHEN YOU HEAR MY STORY!
THE BLACK TALON UNFOLDS A WEIRD, HORRIBLE TALE---
"MY STORY BEGINS WITH THE CRUSHING OF MY RIGHT HAND IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT SOME TIME AGO---"
SMASHED! HOPELESSLY SMASHED! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PAINT AGAIN!
13.

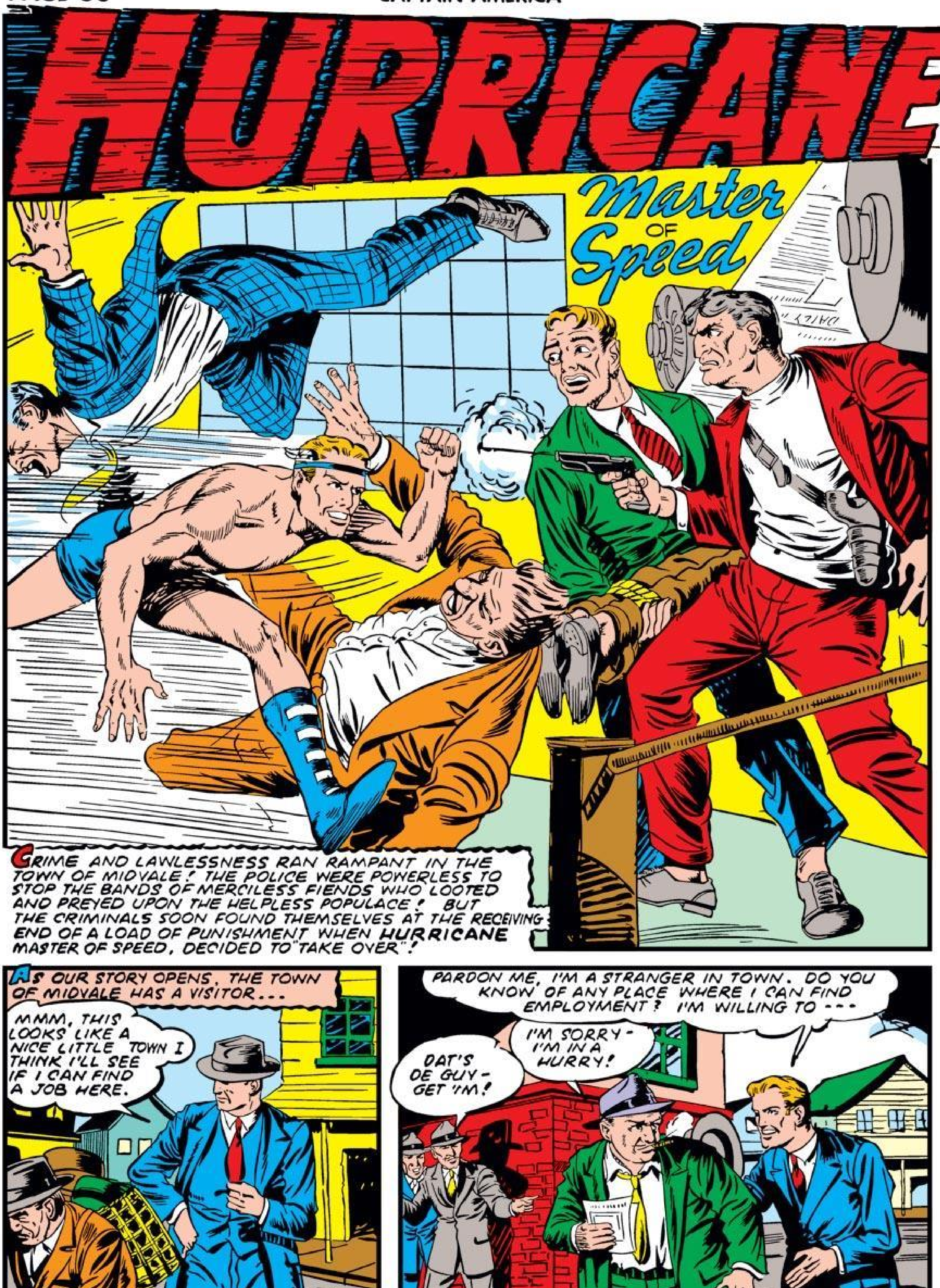

WHY -- WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME ? MY ONLY PURPOSE IN LIFE HAS BEEN TO CAPTURE BEAUTY AND KEEP IT FOREVER ON CANVAS!
--AND YOU'VE DONE A MAGNIFICENT JOB OF IT, PASCAL! YOUR MASTERPIECES FILL THE WALLS OF EVERY IMPORTANT ART MUSEUM-- YOUR WORK WILL LIVE AS LONG AS MAN APPRECIATES GENIUS AND BEAUTY
--BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT YOUR HAND MUST BE AMPUTATED! I, TOO, AM CONSIDERED GREAT IN MY FIELD--YET I'M POWERLESS TO SAVE YOUR HAND! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE!
THEN YOU WILL BE SAVING AN EMPTY, SPIRITLESS SHELL! WITHOUT MY PAINTING I WILL BE ALREADY DEAD!! NO, DOCTOR STEINER! I'LL KEEP MY HAND UNTIL ITS POISON CLAIMS ME!
WAIT, MY SON! I HAVE AN IDEA -- PERHAPS -- --PERHAPS-- --IT-- CAN BE DONE!
That SAME NIGHT, DOCTOR STEINER SENT FOR ME AT THE HOSPITAL -- WITH HIM WAS THE MOST GIGANTIC AND FEROCIOUS-LOOKING AFRICAN I HAD EVER SEEN!!
GOOD EVENING, PASCAL. THIS IS STRANGLER BURNS--- HE IS TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR TOMORROW
I'VE READ OF HIS CASE IN THE NEWSPAPERS -- BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU--
THIS MAN HAS CONSENTED TO DONATE HIS HAND AS A FINAL DECENT GESTURE. I'M GOING TO TRY TO GRAFT HIS HAND DIRECTLY TO YOUR WRIST!
THOSE BLACK, CRUEL FINGERS -- PART OF ME -- NO! NO!
I CAN'T DO IT-I-I-
YOU'VE GOT TO! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR CAREER--TO PAINT -- TO LIVE AGAIN!
14.

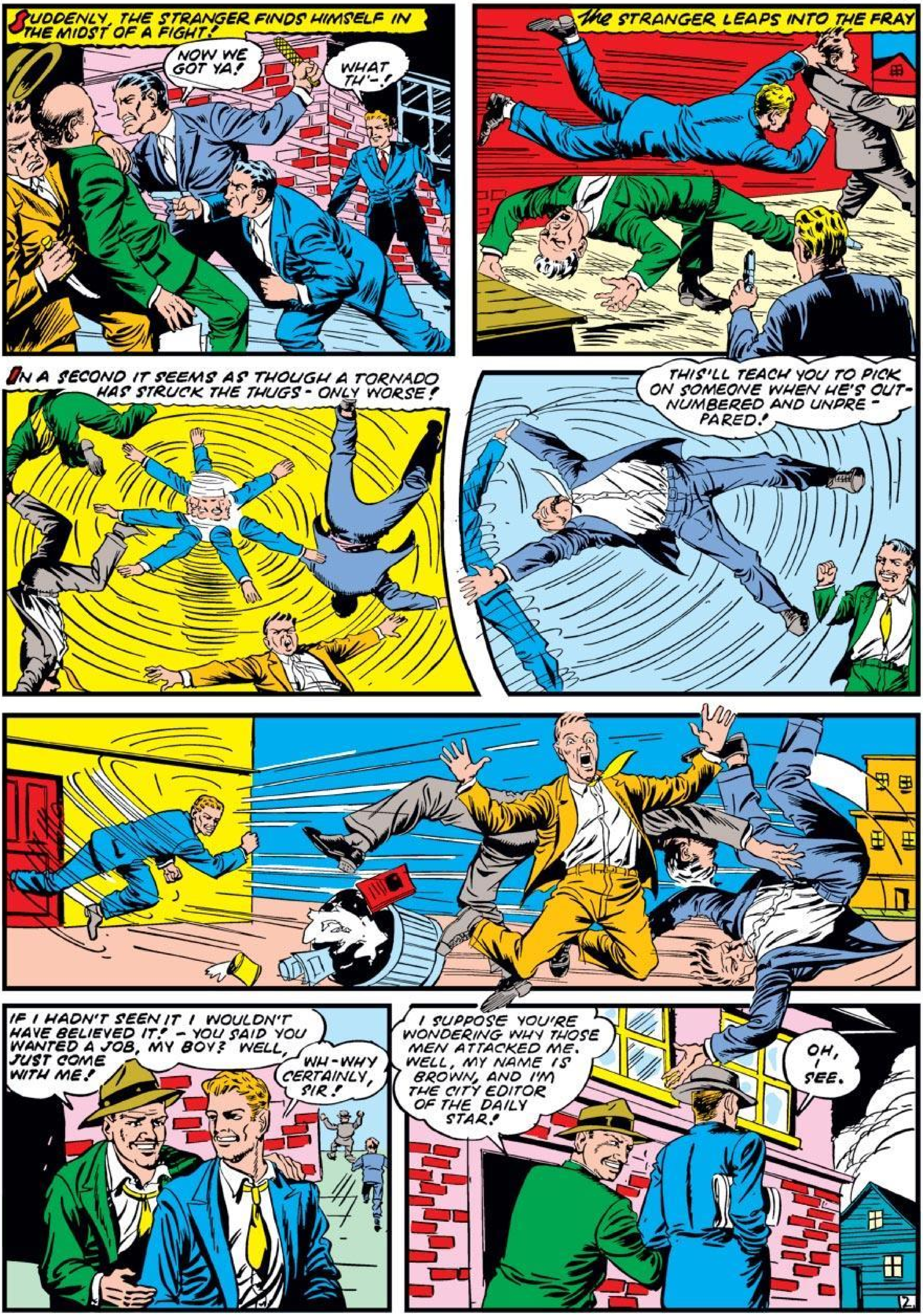

AFTER MUCH PERSUASION, I AGREED TO THE OPERATION
SCALPEL! QUICK!
WHEN IT WAS OVER -- --STEINER HAD ACCOMPLISHED A MIRACLE!! I HAD A NEW HAND!
THANKS STEINER, OLD FRIEND. HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
BY GIVING THE WORLD YOUR GENIUS
THE DAY I LEFT THE HOSPITAL, STEINER HIMSELF GAVE ME THE FIRST WARNING OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ---OF WHAT LATER DID HAPPEN!
GOODBYE, STEINER! I SHALL ALWAYS BE IN YOUR DEBT!
GOOD LUCK, PASCAL! I SEE NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CONTINUE YOUR GREAT CAREER--BUT KEEP THIS IN MIND--
--THIS OPERATION WAS THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ONE OF ITS KIND. IT MAY HAVE UNFORSEEN REACTIONS. THERE IS WILD, NEW BLOOD COURSING THROUGH YOUR VEINS--IF AT ANY TIME YOU FEEL STRANGE, COME AND SEE ME AT ONCE!
I RETURNED TO WORK WITH THOUGHTS OF PAINTING MASTERPIECES OF UNEQUALED BEAUTY--
BLACK HAND-- WHITE HAND-- WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I CAN PAINT AGAIN!
--BUT MY BLACK HAND MOVED WITH A LIFE OF IT'S OWN-- --PAINTING GRUESOME PICTURES DEPICTING UNIMAGINABLE HORRORS! IT WAS DRIVING ME MAD!
DAY AFTER DAY, THE CORPUSCLES FROM THE DEAD KILLER'S HAND INVADED MY BLOOD-STREAM-- SLOWLY SEIZING CONTROL OF MY BRAIN!
I FEEL THE URGE FOR NEW INSPIRATION-- --FOR NEW HORROR PAINTINGS! I'D EVEN KILL TO GET THEM!
I WANT TO PAINT FACES-- PAINFUL, DYING FACES! WHY NOT THE FACES OF MY RIVAL PAINTERS--I'LL KILL THEM OFF AND PAINT THEIR DYING EXPRESSIONS! HA-HA-HA-!
15

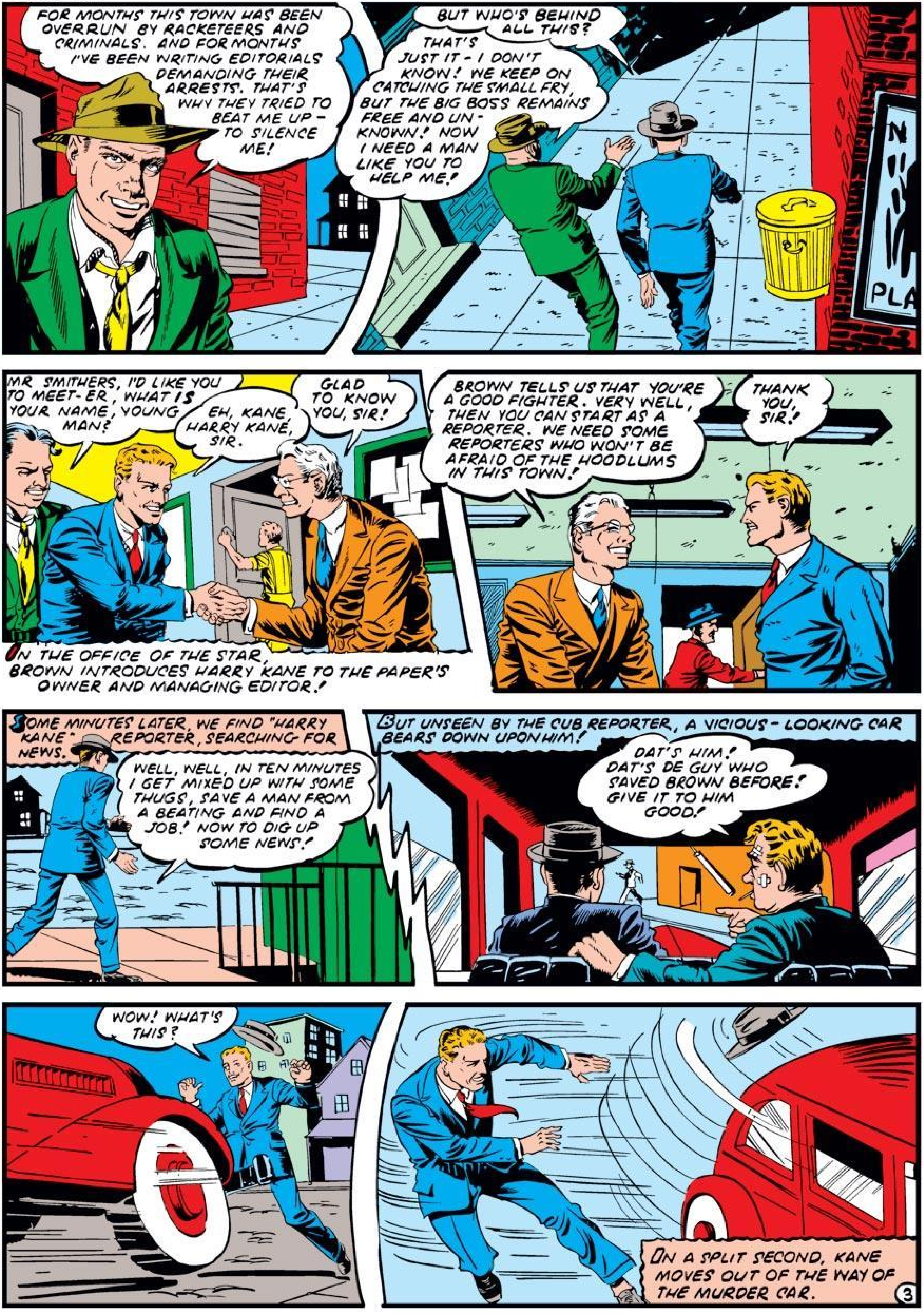

SO FAR, MY PLANS HAVE WORKED SUCCESSFULLY. SOON, **ALL** MY RIVALS WILL BE GONE MY BLACK, TALONED HAND WILL HAVE MADE ME ***THE GREATEST LIVING ARTIST!***
HE'S MAD, ALL RIGHT! BUT--I-I ALMOST PITY HIM--
YES, BUCKY, IT'S SAD. BUT HE'S STILL A MAD KILLER, DON'T FORGET THAT! IT'S OUR DUTY TO STOP HIM!
UNKNOWN TO THE BLACK TALON, CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS BEEN CUTTING HIS BONDS ON THE ROLLER OF A PENCIL SHARPENER THROUGHOUT THE TELLING OF THE STORY...
Suddenly, BREAKING HIS BONDS, CAPTAIN AMERICA HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MAD ARTIST!!
NOW I'LL DO A LITTLE RETOUCHING ON YOUR FACE!
WELL, THAT PUTS AN END TO YOUR SHENANIGANS FOR GOOD, I HOPE!
BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COBRA, A BLACK, TALONED HAND SNAKES OUT AND CLAMPS AN IRON GRIP ON CAPTAIN AMERICA'S THROAT!
UGH-GG!--
16.

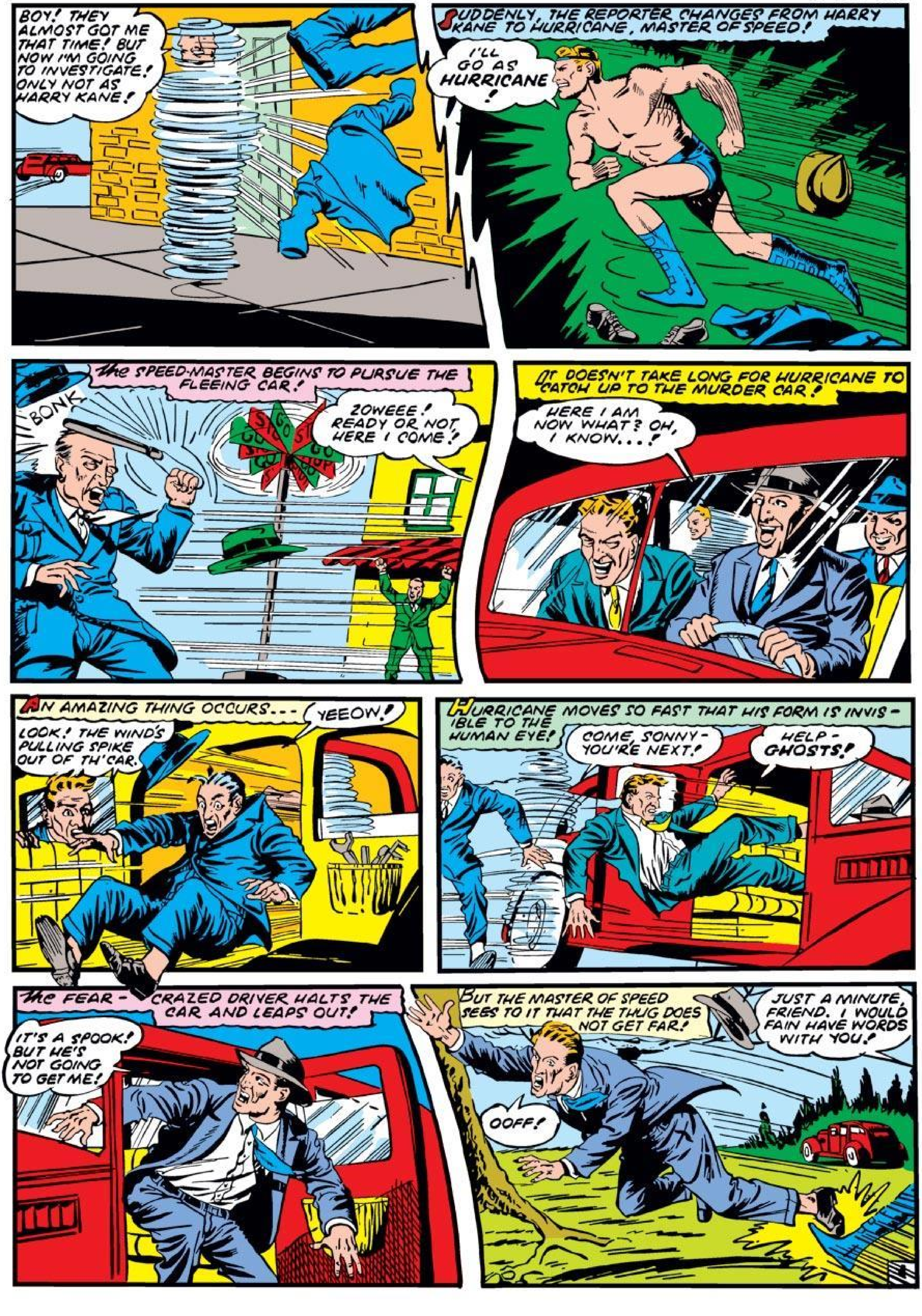

THIS IS ONE TIME, CAPTAIN AMERICA, YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH! NOTHING CAN STAND THE CRUSHING POWER OF THE BLACK TALON!
SO I'VE MET MY MATCH, EH? WE'LL SOON SEE!
GO GET HIM, CAP! YAHOO!
OKAY--HERE IT COMES! LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MATCH IT!
17.

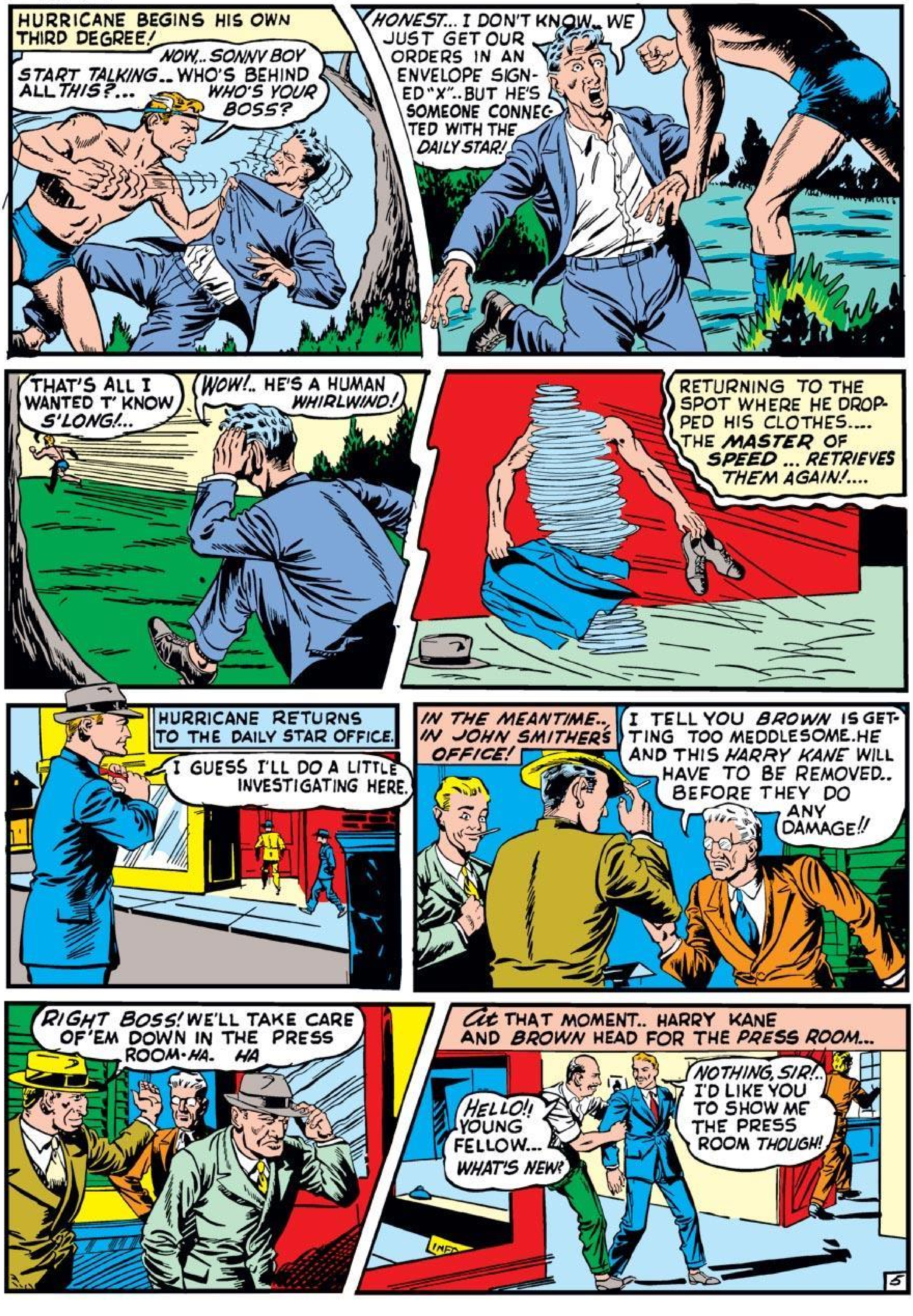

The ROOM VIBRATES WITH THE FORCE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S TERRIFIC BLOW- WHICH IS FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF FALLING FURNITURE AND BREAKING GLASS!!
HE WENT THAT WAY, CAP!
IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN. I GUESS THE CAREER OF THE BLACK TALON IS ENDED!
PHEW! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER
YEAH--HE WAS A PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMER AT THAT!
HE NEVER DID GET TO FILL.IN OUR FACES, DID HE?
Meanwhile, DOWN BELOW, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, A LIMPING FIGURE HOBBLES PAINFULLY INTO THE NIGHT!
I'M LUCKY THAT BRANCH BROKE MY FALL! I-I MUST GET AWAY BEFORE THEY FIND ME MISSING!
BUT I'LL BE BACK! CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS A WEAK SPOT SOMEWHERE! --AND WHEN I FIND IT --- I'LL CRUSH HIM AND ALL HE STANDS FOR!
And the BLACK TALON, MOST TERRIFYING MASTER OF EVIL OF ALL TIME, WILL BE BACK! BACK TO PLAY A MORE HIDEOUS, MORE MENACING ROLE THAN EVER, AS HE BATTLES BUCKY AND TORO AND THEIR GANG IN THE NEW, SENSATIONAL NO. 2 YOUNG ALLIES! DON'T MISS IT!!

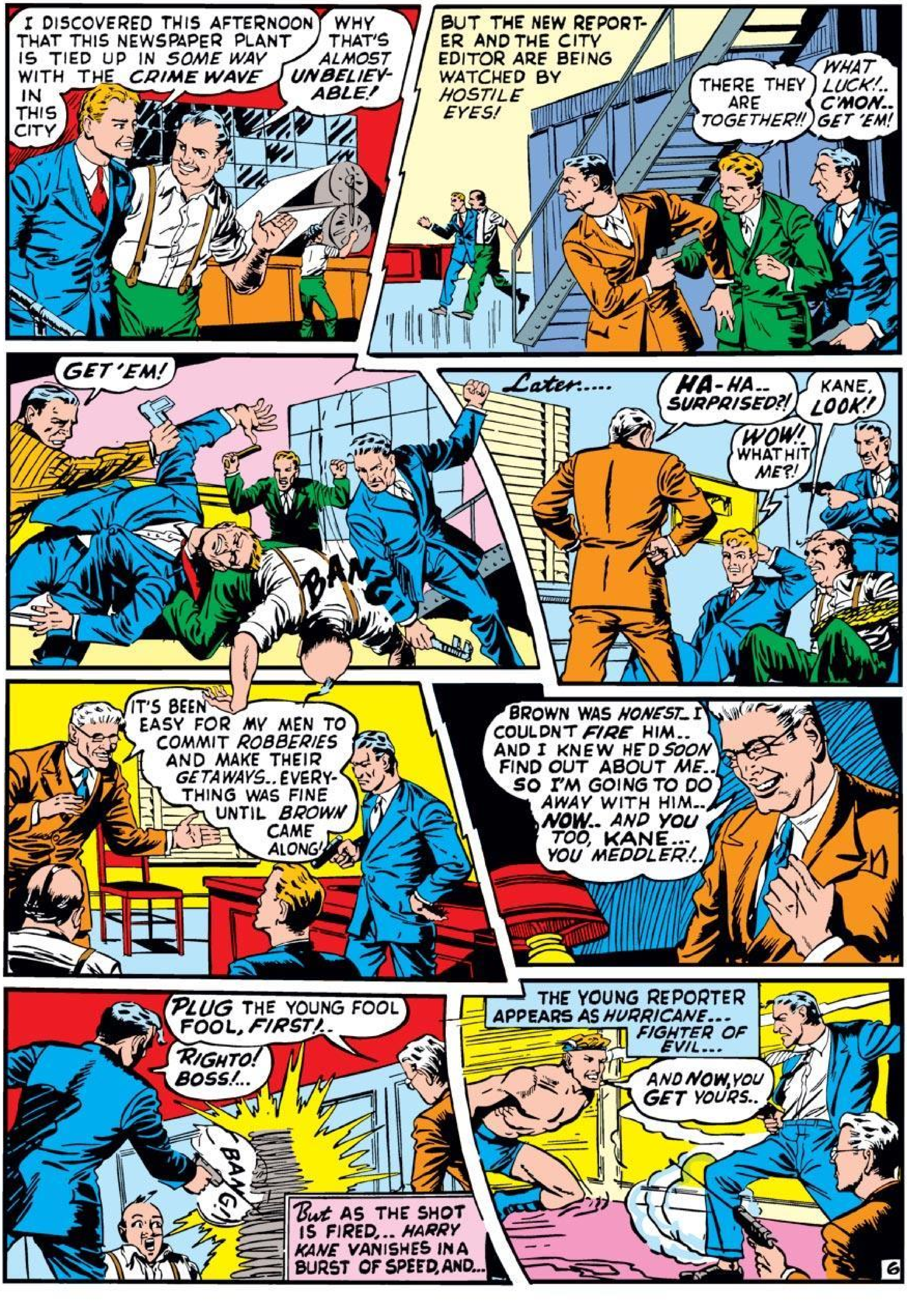

HURRICANE
Master of Speed
CRIME AND LAWLESSNESS RAN RAMPANT IN THE TOWN OF MIDVALE! THE POLICE WERE POWERLESS TO STOP THE BANDS OF MERCILESS FIENDS WHO LOOTED AND PREYED UPON THE HELPLESS POPULACE! BUT THE CRIMINALS SOON FOUND THEMSELVES AT THE RECEIVING END OF A LOAD OF PUNISHMENT WHEN HURRICANE MASTER OF SPEED, DECIDED TO "TAKE OVER"!
AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE TOWN OF MIDVALE HAS A VISITOR...
MMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE LITTLE TOWN I THINK I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND A JOB HERE.
PARDON ME, I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN. DO YOU KNOW OF ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN FIND EMPLOYMENT? I'M WILLING TO ---
I'M SORRY- I'M IN A HURRY!
DAT'S DE GUY- GET 'IM!
1.

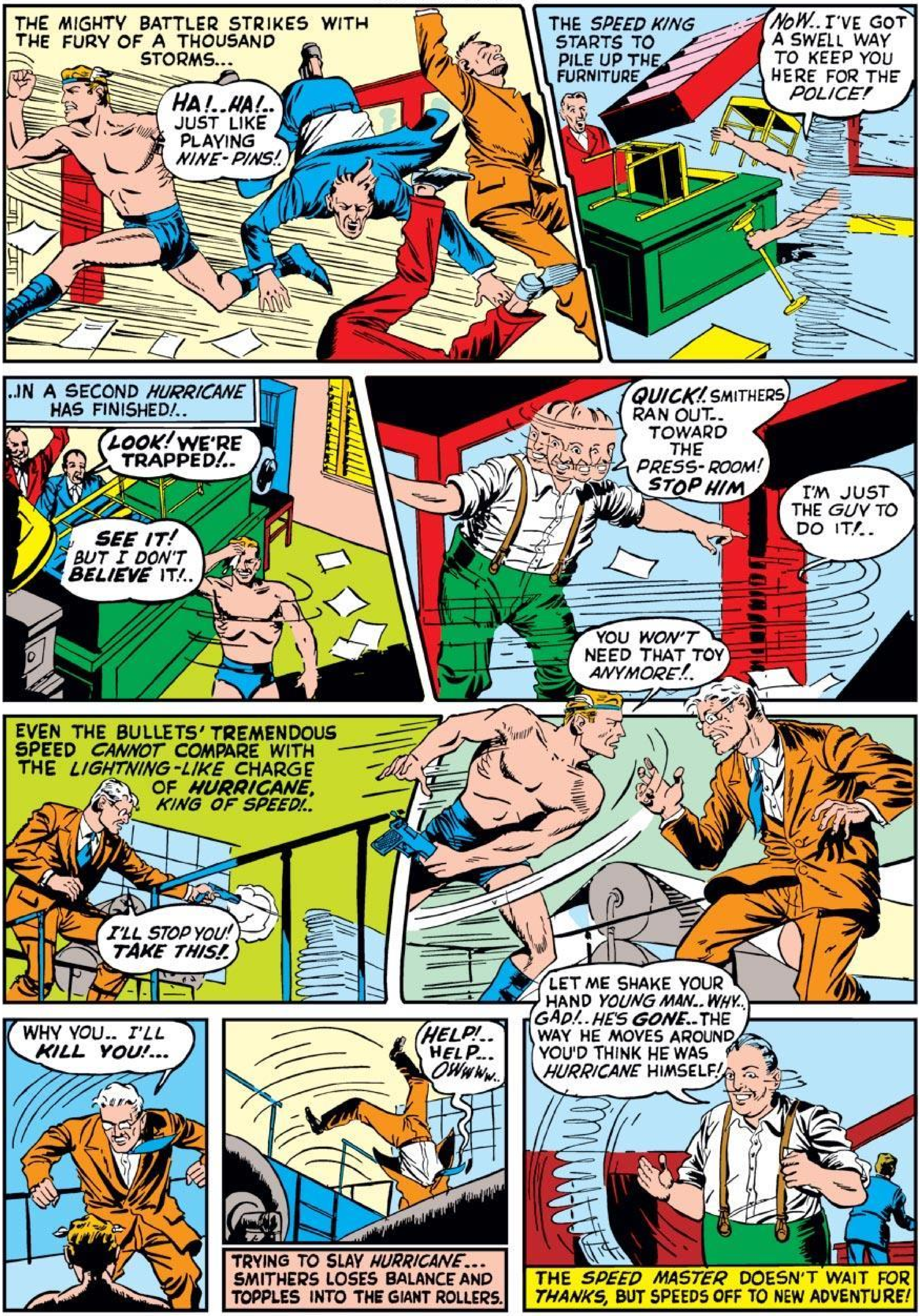

SUDDENLY, THE STRANGER FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A FIGHT!
NOW WE GOT YA!
WHAT TH'-!
THE STRANGER LEAPS INTO THE FRAY
IN A SECOND IT SEEMS AS THOUGH A TORNADO HAS STRUCK THE THUGS - ONLY WORSE!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO PICK ON SOMEONE WHEN HE'S OUTNUMBERED AND UNPREPARED!
IF I HADN'T SEEN IT I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! - YOU SAID YOU WANTED A JOB, MY BOY? WELL, JUST COME WITH ME!
WH-WHY CERTAINLY, SIR!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY THOSE MEN ATTACKED ME. WELL, MY NAME IS BROWN, AND I'M THE CITY EDITOR OF THE DAILY STAR!
OH, I SEE.
2.


FOR MONTHS THIS TOWN HAS BEEN OVERRUN BY RACKETEERS AND CRIMINALS. AND FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN WRITING EDITORIALS DEMANDING THEIR ARRESTS. THAT'S WHY THEY TRIED TO BEAT ME UP— TO SILENCE ME!
BUT WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
THAT'S JUST IT - I DON'T KNOW! WE KEEP ON CATCHING THE SMALL FRY, BUT THE BIG BOSS REMAINS FREE AND UNKNOWN! NOW I NEED A MAN LIKE YOU TO HELP ME!
PLA
MR SMITHERS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET- ER, WHAT IS YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN?
EH, KANE, HARRY KANE, SIR.
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR!
IN THE OFFICE OF THE STAR, BROWN INTRODUCES HARRY KANE TO THE PAPER'S OWNER AND MANAGING EDITOR!
BROWN TELLS US THAT YOU'RE A GOOD FIGHTER. VERY WELL, THEN YOU CAN START AS A REPORTER. WE NEED SOME REPORTERS WHO WON'T BE AFRAID OF THE HOODLUMS IN THIS TOWN!
THANK YOU, SIR!
SOME MINUTES LATER, WE FIND "HARRY KANE" REPORTER, SEARCHING FOR NEWS.
WELL, WELL, IN TEN MINUTES I GET MIXED UP WITH SOME THUGS, SAVE A MAN FROM A BEATING AND FIND A JOB! NOW TO DIG UP SOME NEWS!
BUT UNSEEN BY THE CUB REPORTER, A VICIOUS - LOOKING CAR BEARS DOWN UPON HIM!
DAT'S HIM! DAT'S DE GUY WHO SAVED BROWN BEFORE! GIVE IT TO HIM GOOD!
WOW! WHAT'S THIS?
IN A SPLIT SECOND, KANE MOVES OUT OF THE WAY OF THE MURDER CAR.
3


BOY! THEY ALMOST GOT ME THAT TIME! BUT NOW I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE! ONLY NOT AS HARRY KANE!
SUDDENLY, THE REPORTER CHANGES FROM HARRY KANE TO HURRICANE, MASTER OF SPEED!
I'LL GO AS HURRICANE!
THE SPEED-MASTER BEGINS TO PURSUE THE FLEEING CAR!
BONK
ZOWEEE! READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!
STOP
GO
IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR HURRICANE TO CATCH UP TO THE MURDER CAR!
HERE I AM NOW WHAT? OH, I KNOW...!
AN AMAZING THING OCCURS---
YEEOW!
LOOK! THE WIND'S PULLING SPIKE OUT OF TH' CAR.
HURRICANE MOVES SO FAST THAT HIS FORM IS INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!
COME, SONNY - YOU'RE NEXT!
HELP - GHOSTS!
THE FEAR-CRAZED DRIVER HALTS THE CAR AND LEAPS OUT!
IT'S A SPOOK! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!
BUT THE MASTER OF SPEED SEES TO IT THAT THE THUG DOES NOT GET FAR!
JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND. I WOULD FAIN HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!
OOFF!


HURRICANE BEGINS HIS OWN THIRD DEGREE!
NOW,.. SONNY BOY START TALKING.. WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?... WHO'S YOUR BOSS?
HONEST... I DON'T KNOW.. WE JUST GET OUR ORDERS IN AN ENVELOPE SIGNED "X".. BUT HE'S SOMEONE CONNECTED WITH THE DAILY STAR!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED T' KNOW S'LONG!...
WOW!.. HE'S A HUMAN WHIRLWIND!
RETURNING TO THE SPOT WHERE HE DROPPED HIS CLOTHES.... THE MASTER OF SPEED ... RETRIEVES THEM AGAIN!....
HURRICANE RETURNS TO THE DAILY STAR OFFICE.
I GUESS I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING HERE.
IN THE MEANTIME.., IN JOHN SMITHER'S OFFICE!
I TELL YOU BROWN IS GETTING TOO MEDDLESOME..HE AND THIS HARRY KANE WILL HAVE TO BE REMOVED.. BEFORE THEY DO ANY DAMAGE!!
RIGHT BOSS! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF'EM DOWN IN THE PRESS ROOM-HA. HA
AT THAT MOMENT.. HARRY KANE AND BROWN HEAD FOR THE PRESS ROOM...
HELLO!! YOUNG FELLOW... WHAT'S NEW?
NOTHING, SIR!.. I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW ME THE PRESS ROOM THOUGH!
5


I DISCOVERED THIS AFTERNOON THAT THIS NEWSPAPER PLANT IS TIED UP IN SOME WAY WITH THE CRIME WAVE IN THIS CITY
WHY THAT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!
BUT THE NEW REPORTER AND THE CITY EDITOR ARE BEING WATCHED BY HOSTILE EYES!
THERE THEY ARE TOGETHER!!
WHAT LUCK!.. C'MON.. GET 'EM!
GET 'EM!
BANG!
Later.....
HA-HA.. SURPRISED?!
KANE, LOOK!
WOW! WHAT HIT ME?!
IT'S BEEN EASY FOR MY MEN TO COMMIT ROBBERIES AND MAKE THEIR GETAWAYS.. EVERYTHING WAS FINE UNTIL BROWN CAME ALONG!
BROWN WAS HONEST_I COULDN'T FIRE HIM.. AND I KNEW HE'D SOON FIND OUT ABOUT ME.. SO I'M GOING TO DO AWAY WITH HIM.. NOW.. AND YOU TOO, KANE... YOU MEDDLER!..
PLUG THE YOUNG FOOL FOOL, FIRST!..
RIGHTO! BOSS!..
BANG!
But AS THE SHOT IS FIRED,.. HARRY KANE VANISHES IN A BURST OF SPEED, AND...
THE YOUNG REPORTER APPEARS AS HURRICANE... FIGHTER OF EVIL...
AND NOW, YOU GET YOURS..
6


THE MIGHTY BATTLER STRIKES WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND STORMS...
HA!..HA!.. JUST LIKE PLAYING NINE-PINS!.
THE SPEED KING STARTS TO PILE UP THE FURNITURE
NOW..I'VE GOT A SWELL WAY TO KEEP YOU HERE FOR THE POLICE!
..IN A SECOND HURRICANE HAS FINISHED!..
LOOK! WE'RE TRAPPED!..
SEE IT! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!..
QUICK!. SMITHERS RAN OUT.. TOWARD THE PRESS-ROOM! STOP HIM
I'M JUST THE GUY TO DO IT!..
YOU WON'T NEED THAT TOY ANYMORE!..
EVEN THE BULLETS' TREMENDOUS SPEED CANNOT COMPARE WITH THE LIGHTNING-LIKE CHARGE OF HURRICANE, KING OF SPEED!..
I'LL STOP YOU! TAKE THIS!.
WHY YOU.. I'LL KILL YOU!...
HELP!.. HELP... OWWWW..
TRYING TO SLAY HURRICANE... SMITHERS LOSES BALANCE AND TOPPLES INTO THE GIANT ROLLERS.
LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND YOUNG MAN..WHY.. GAD!..HE'S GONE..THE WAY HE MOVES AROUND YOU'D THINK HE WAS HURRICANE HIMSELF!
THE SPEED MASTER DOESN'T WAIT FOR THANKS, BUT SPEEDS OFF TO NEW ADVENTURE!

HI-YA, PALS!

SENTINELS of LIBERTY SECRET CLUB NEWS

SENTINEL OF LIBERTY SECRET CODE
Personal—From the desk of CAPTAIN AMERICA

Hereafter, at every Sentinel of Liberty Club Meeting there will be two passwords. One password to be used to get into the meeting, and the other to be used when leaving the meeting. The passwords will be changed every month, and each month's new passwords will be found in this space every issue—*in code*, so don't miss them. Use your code-key to find this month's Sentinel passwords.

Password for entering club-room:
ORQQSXA

Password for leaving club-room:
GLPNIUQ

IMPORTANT—ADMIT NO ONE, AND ALLOW NO ONE TO LEAVE WITHOUT GIVING THE PASSWORD

BUCKY's Column

HI PALS!

Here we are again, in what I think is the most exciting CAPTAIN AMERICA ISSUE of all.

In order to be prepared for aerial attacks on our nation if they ever occur, I order all you Sentinels to make a note of every plane you see in the sky. Try to discover which direction the plane is flying in, how fast it is going, how high up it is, and facts like that. Then, in the event of an aerial attack, you Sentinels will be able to do your share in spotting enemy planes and warning the authorities!

Write to: ROOM 1010
NATIONAL SENTINEL HEADQUARTERS
330 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

and let Cap and me know how you make out.

See you next month –

A MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA:

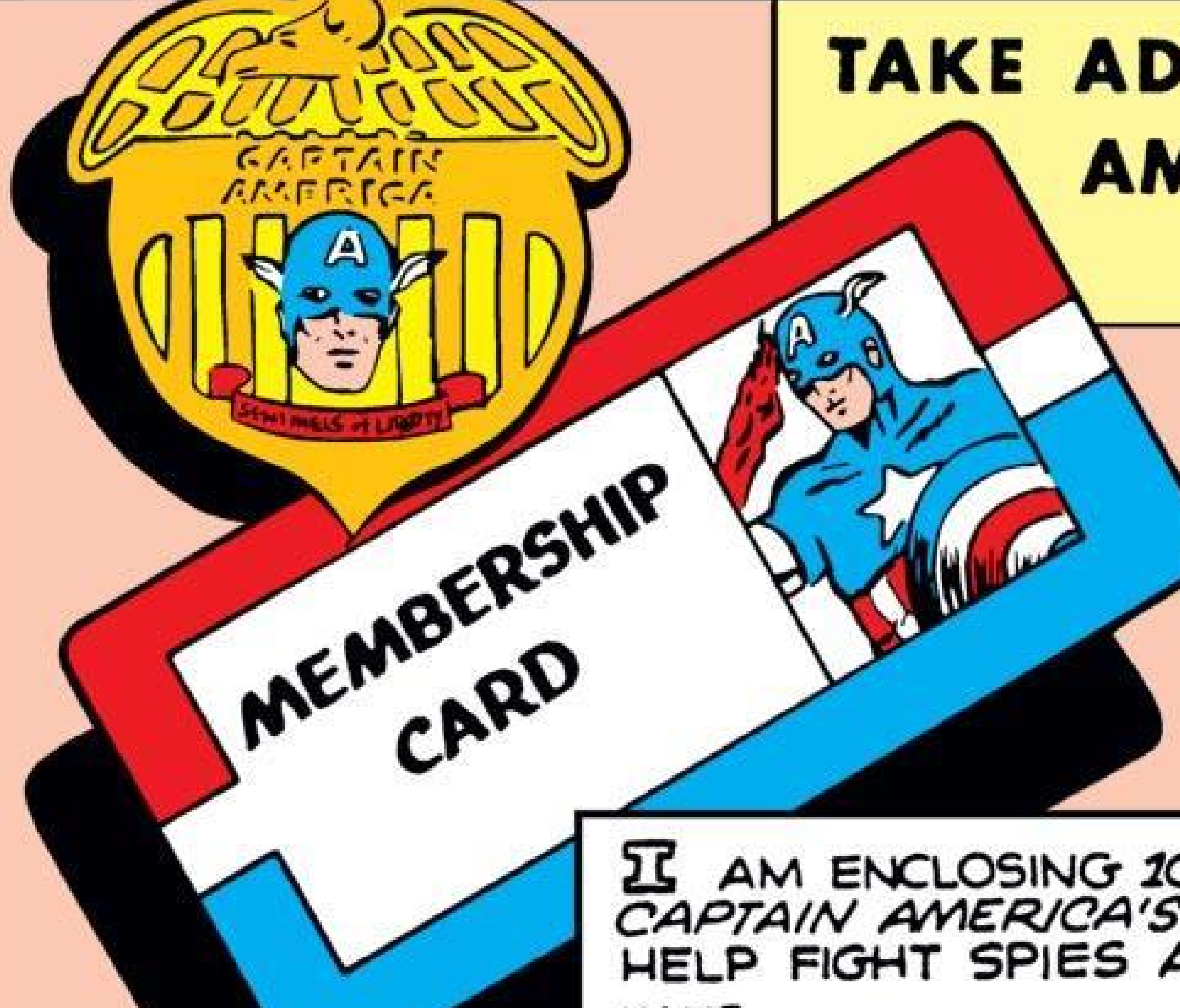
HELLO GANG!

Once again Sentinels from all over the nation meet upon these very pages to discuss official matters! In fact, one Sentinel writes to me that he has been saving these Club News Pages and is clipping them together to make a book of them!

Here is another letter which I have received. It raises a question which many readers have asked, so I am printing it and will answer it now:

> "I like your book very much; better than any other I have read. But I want to ask if girls can join the Sentinels, too? I want to know because I and some of my friends would like to join."
>
> Signed:
> Donna Mae Gatewood
> Crown Point, New Mex.

The answer, of course, is YES. Girls as well as boys may do their share in keeping America free and democratic! Any boy or girl may become a Sentinal of Liberty! And any patriotic Sentinel of Liberty is a real American!!



TAKE ADVANTAGE of CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENSATIONAL OFFER *NOW!*

Remember, every Sentinel of Liberty is a personal member of Captain America's own mighty legion, all working side-by-side for American democracy!

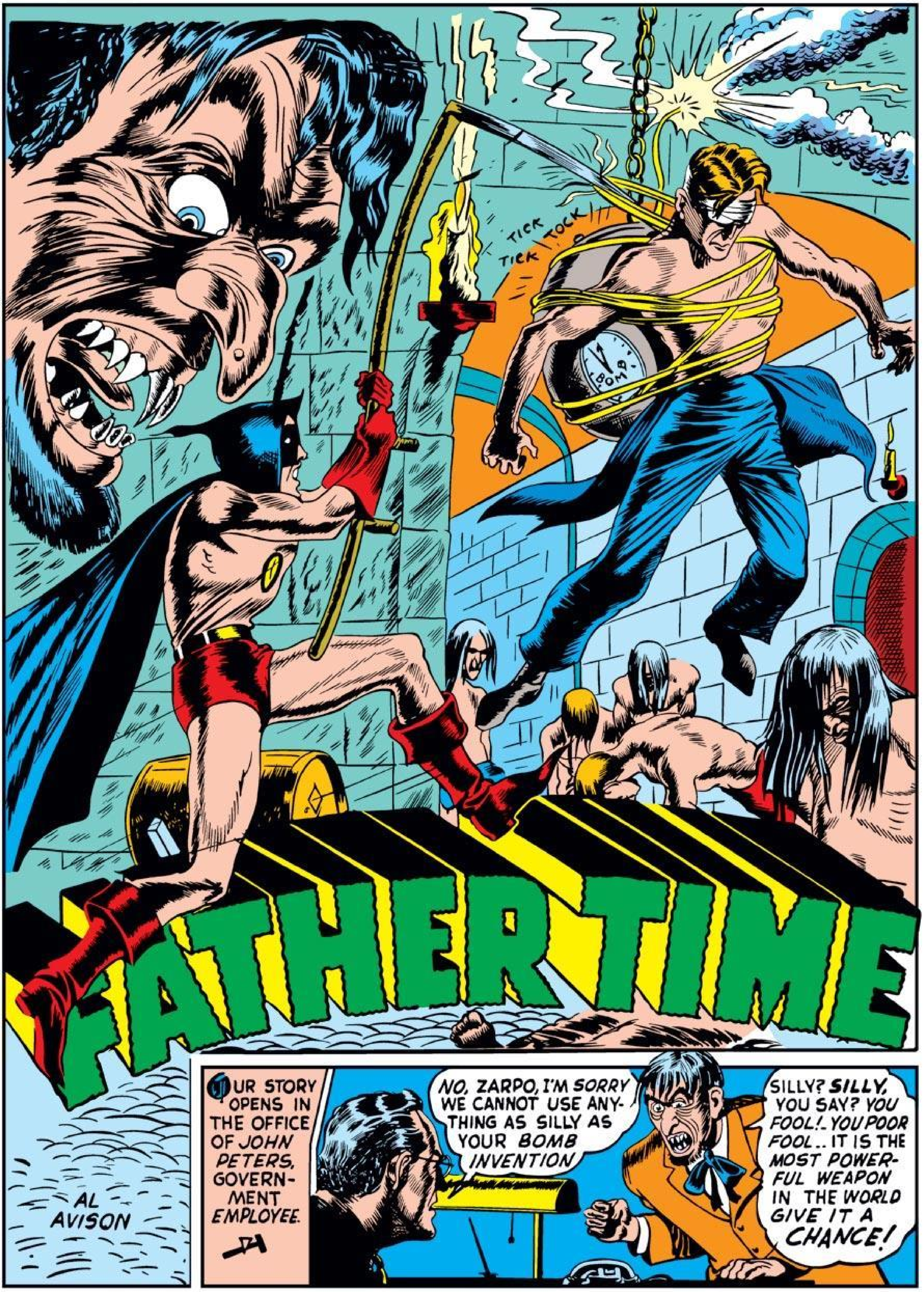
So send 10c along with this coupon, or your name and address on a sheet of paper, to Captain America, Dep't. 9, 330 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. and receive your badge and membership card.

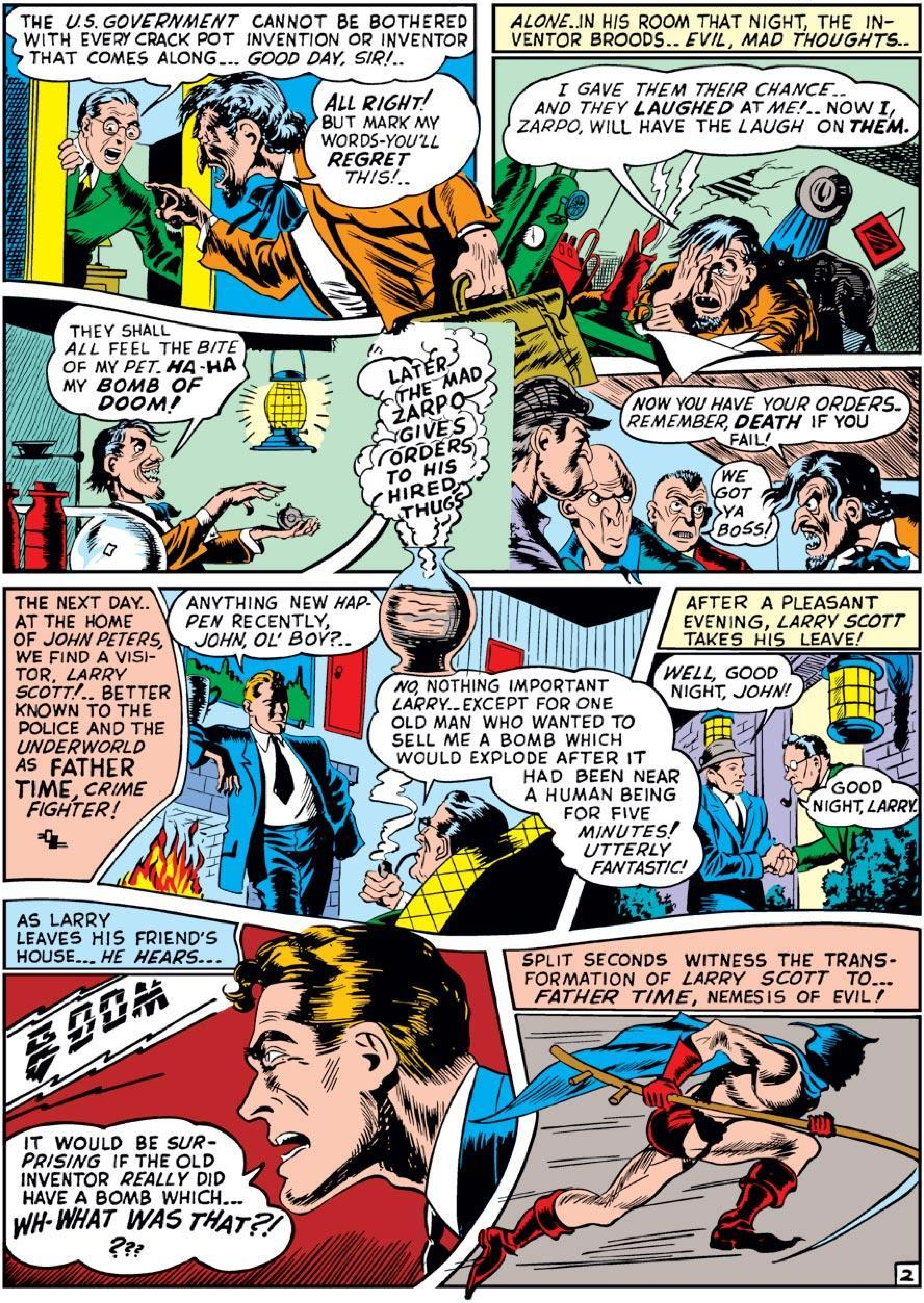
I AM ENCLOSING *10¢* I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY* AND HELP FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U. S. A. 9

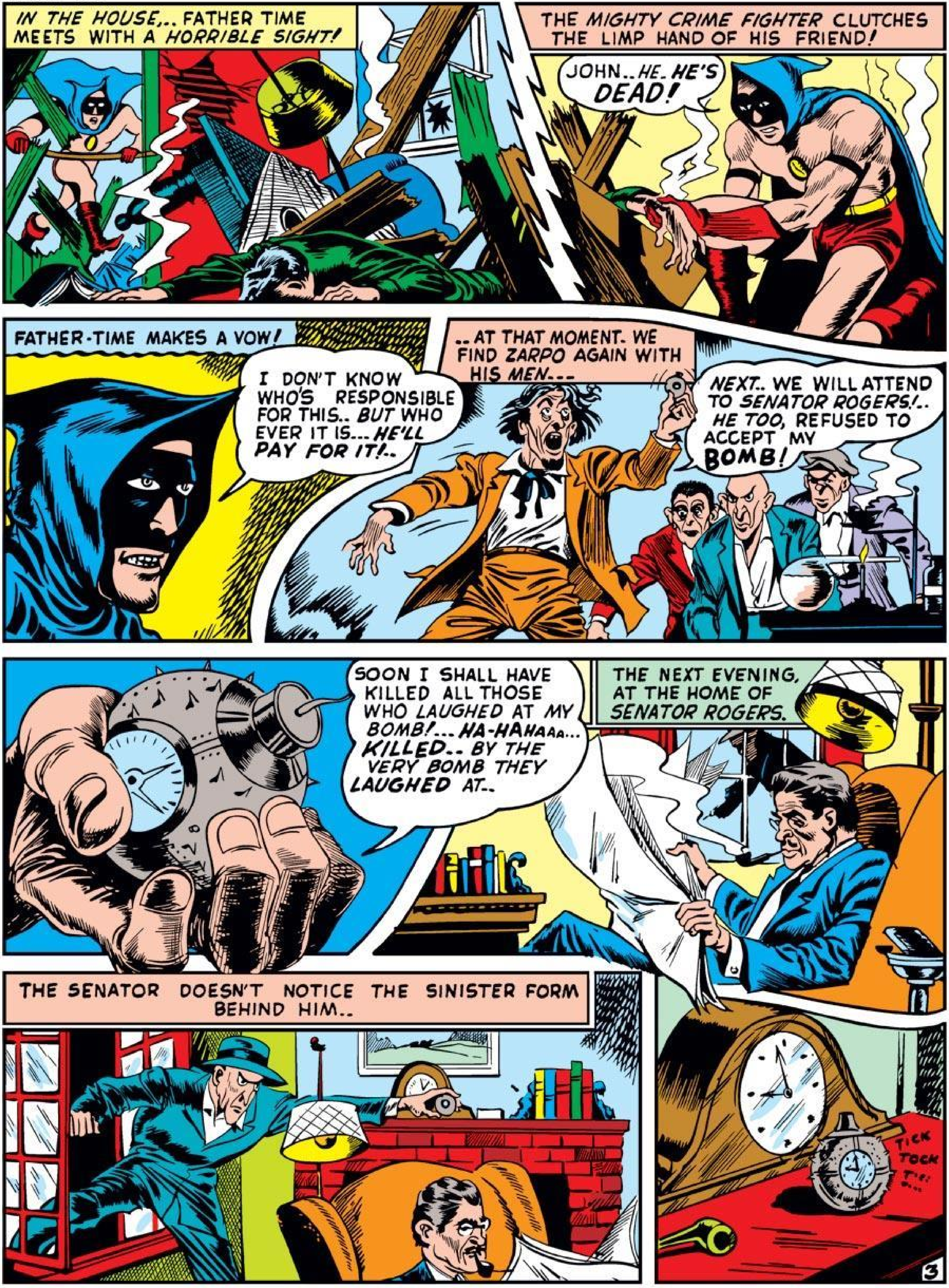
NAME ....

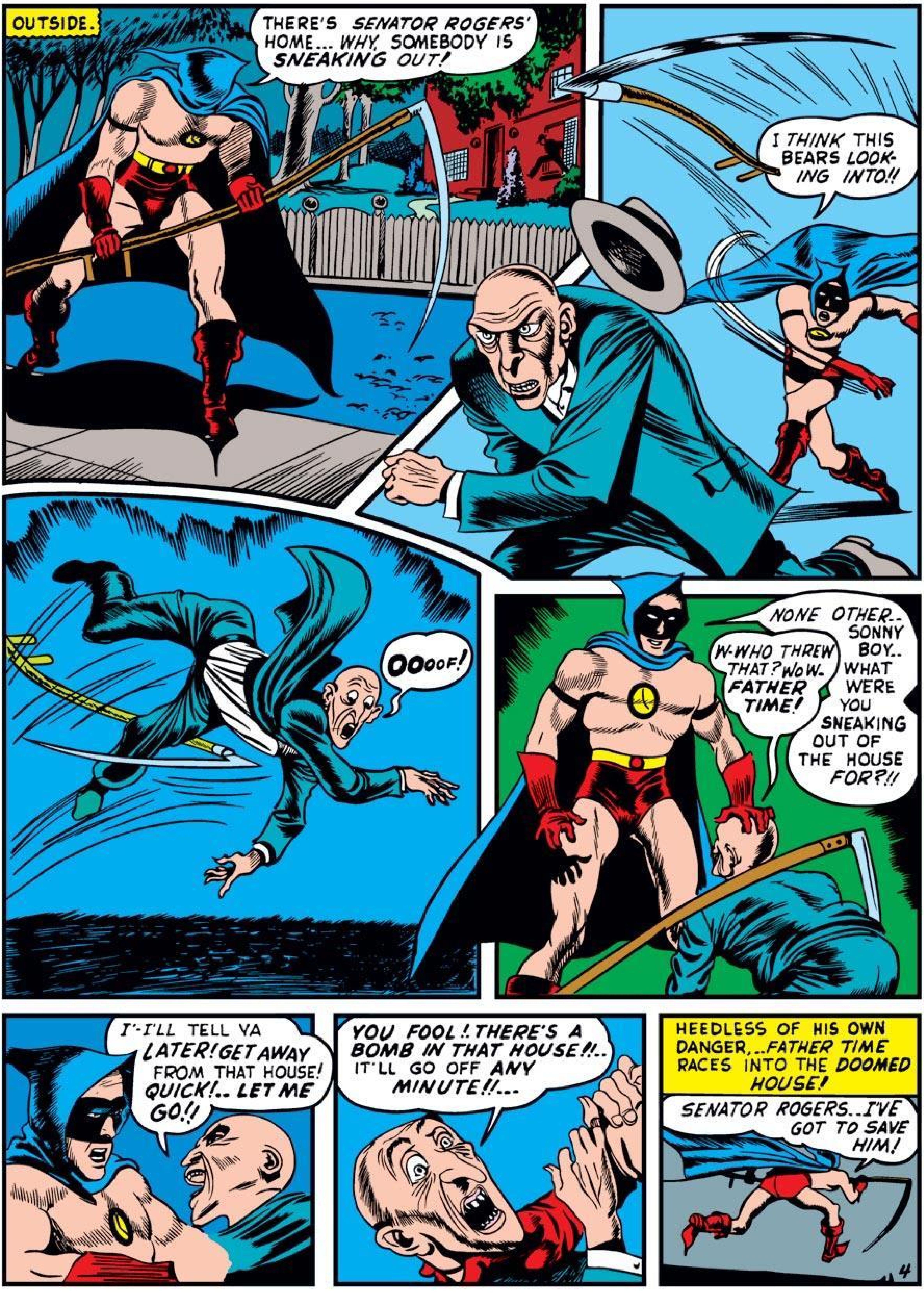
ADDRESS ....

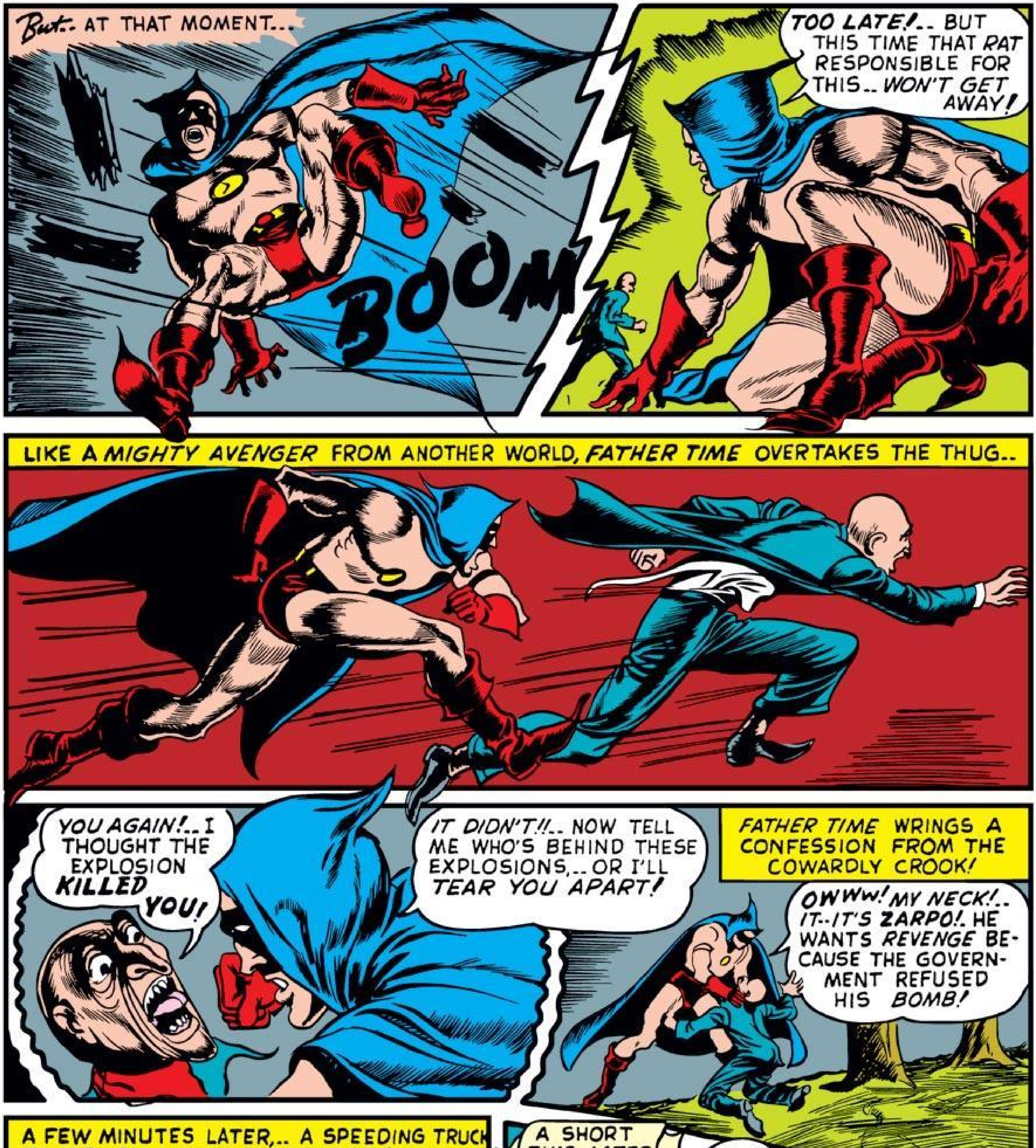
CITY AND STATE ....

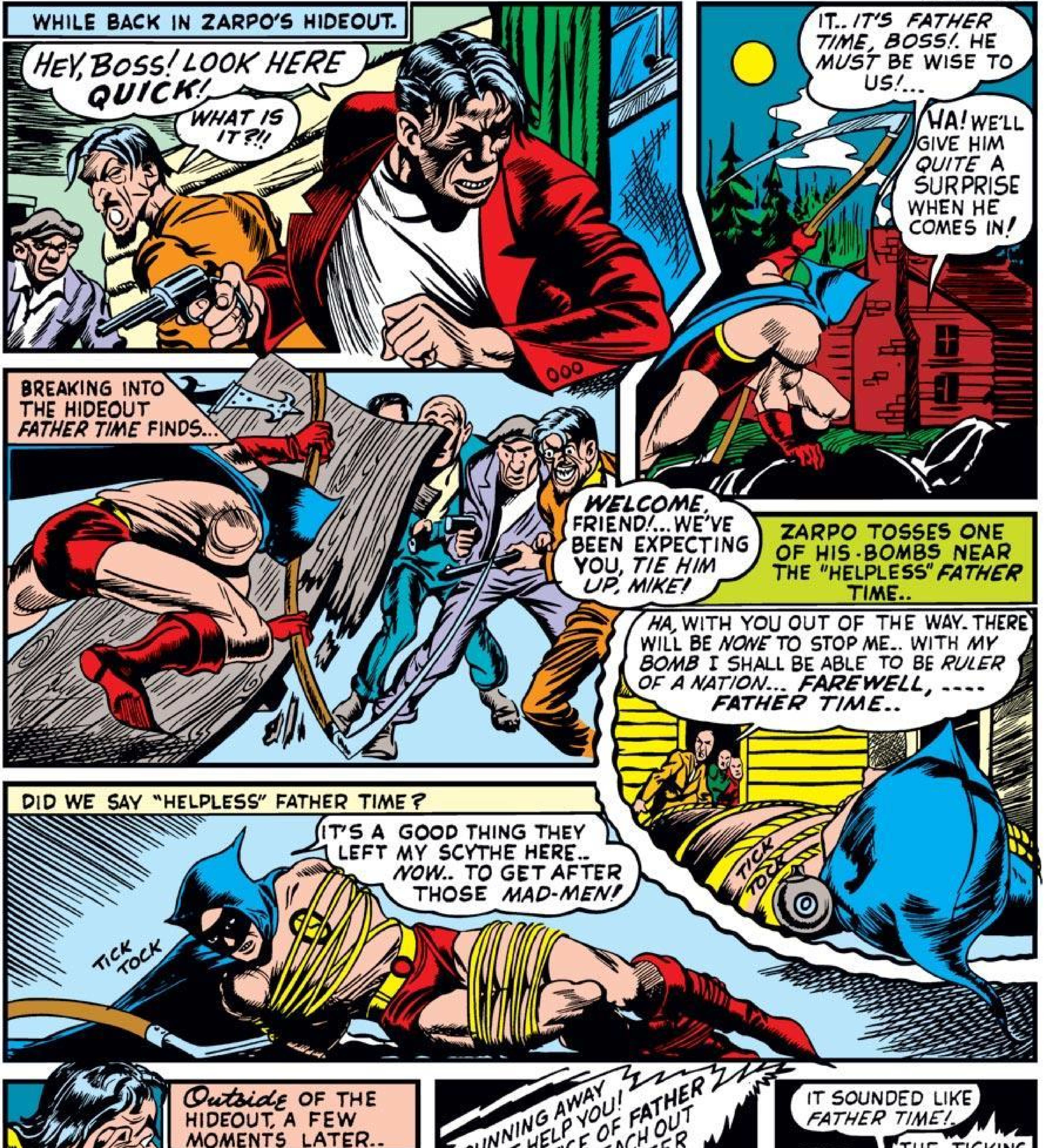

TICK TICK TOCK
BOMB
FATHER TIME
AL AVISON
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF *JOHN PETERS*, GOVERNMENT *EMPLOYEE*.
NO, ZARPO, I'M *SORRY* WE CANNOT USE ANYTHING AS SILLY AS YOUR *BOMB INVENTION*
SILLY? ***SILLY***, YOU SAY? *YOU FOOL! - YOU POOR FOOL.. IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON* IN THE WORLD *GIVE IT A* ***CHANCE!***

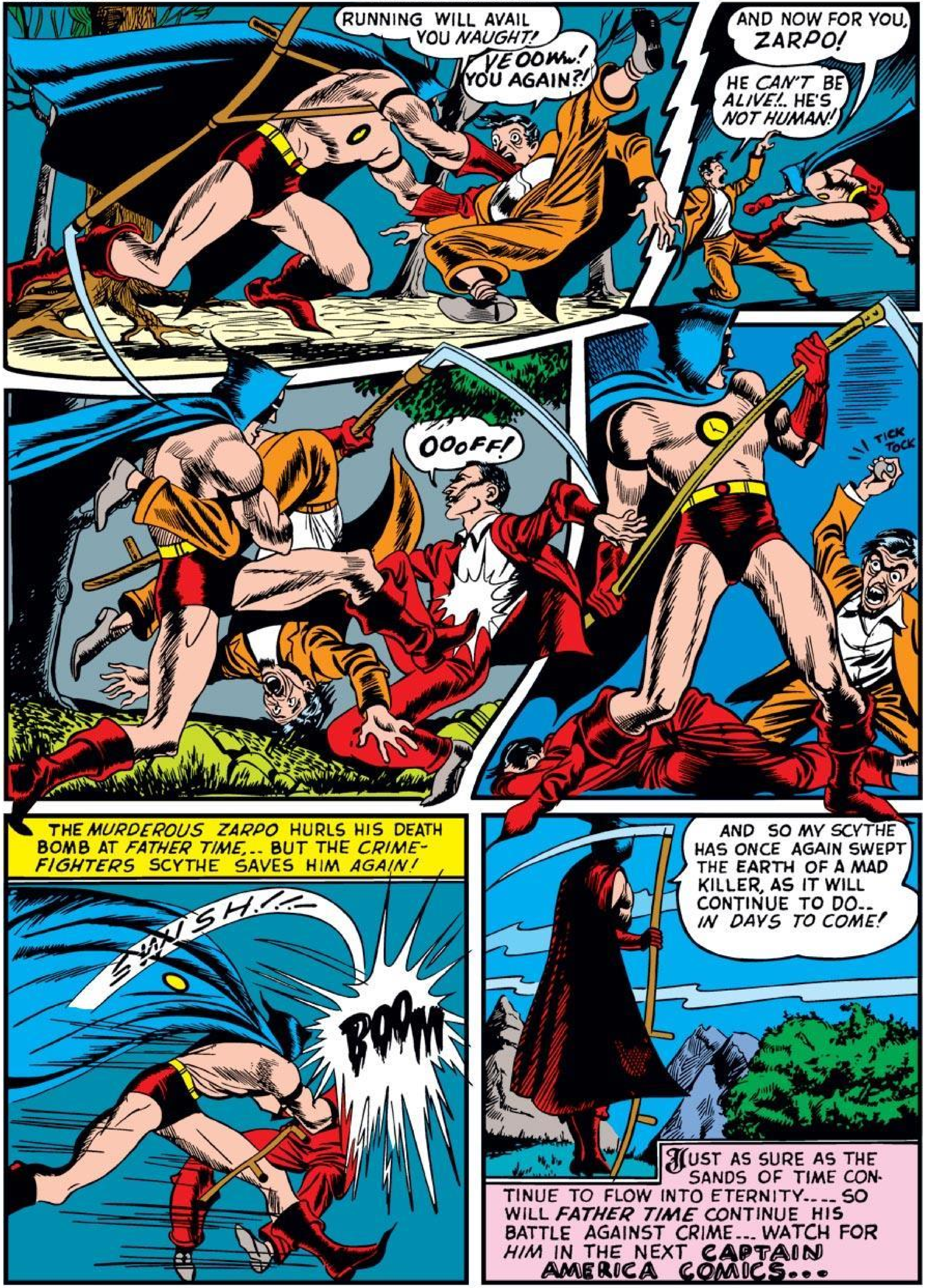

THE *U.S. GOVERNMENT* CANNOT BE BOTHERED WITH EVERY CRACK POT INVENTION OR INVENTOR THAT COMES ALONG... *GOOD DAY, SIR!*..
ALL RIGHT! BUT MARK MY WORDS-YOU'LL ***REGRET*** *THIS!*..
ALONE..IN HIS ROOM THAT NIGHT, THE INVENTOR BROODS.. *EVIL, MAD THOUGHTS*..
I GAVE THEM THEIR CHANCE.. AND THEY ***LAUGHED*** *AT ME!*.. NOW ***I***, *ZARPO*, WILL HAVE THE *LAUGH* ON ***THEM.***
THEY SHALL *ALL* FEEL THE *BITE* OF MY *PET*. ***HA-HA*** MY ***BOMB OF DOOM!***
LATER THE MAD ZARPO GIVES ORDERS TO HIS HIRED THUGS
NOW YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS.. REMEMBER, ***DEATH*** IF YOU FAIL!
WE GOT YA BOSS!
THE NEXT DAY.. AT THE HOME OF *JOHN PETERS*, WE FIND A VISITOR, *LARRY SCOTT!*.. BETTER KNOWN TO THE POLICE AND THE *UNDERWORLD* AS **FATHER TIME**, *CRIME FIGHTER!*
ANYTHING NEW *HAPPEN* RECENTLY, *JOHN, OL' BOY?*..
NO, NOTHING IMPORTANT *LARRY*.. EXCEPT FOR ONE OLD MAN WHO WANTED TO SELL ME A BOMB WHICH WOULD EXPLODE AFTER IT HAD BEEN NEAR A HUMAN BEING FOR FIVE *MINUTES! UTTERLY FANTASTIC!*
AFTER A PLEASANT EVENING, *LARRY SCOTT* TAKES HIS LEAVE!
WELL, GOOD NIGHT, *JOHN!*
GOOD NIGHT, *LARRY.*
AS LARRY LEAVES HIS FRIEND'S HOUSE... *HE HEARS...*
BOOM
IT WOULD BE *SURPRISING* IF THE OLD INVENTOR *REALLY* DID HAVE A BOMB WHICH... ***WH-WHAT WAS THAT?!*** ???
SPLIT SECONDS WITNESS THE TRANSFORMATION OF *LARRY SCOTT* TO... *FATHER TIME*, NEMESIS OF EVIL!
2


IN THE HOUSE,.. FATHER TIME MEETS WITH A HORRIBLE SIGHT!
THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER CLUTCHES THE LIMP HAND OF HIS FRIEND!
JOHN.. HE.. HE'S DEAD!
FATHER-TIME MAKES A VOW!
I DON'T KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.. BUT WHO EVER IT IS... HE'LL PAY FOR IT!..
.. AT THAT MOMENT. WE FIND ZARPO AGAIN WITH HIS MEN...
NEXT.. WE WILL ATTEND TO SENATOR ROGERS!.. HE TOO, REFUSED TO ACCEPT MY BOMB!
SOON I SHALL HAVE KILLED ALL THOSE WHO LAUGHED AT MY BOMB!... HA-HAHAAA... KILLED.. BY THE VERY BOMB THEY LAUGHED AT..
THE NEXT EVENING, AT THE HOME OF SENATOR ROGERS.
THE SENATOR DOESN'T NOTICE THE SINISTER FORM BEHIND HIM..
TICK TOCK TI... ...
3


OUTSIDE.
THERE'S *SENATOR ROGERS'* HOME... *WHY,* SOMEBODY IS ***SNEAKING*** *OUT!*
I THINK THIS BEARS *LOOKING INTO!!*
OOOOF!
W-WHO THREW THAT? WOW- ***FATHER TIME!***
NONE OTHER-- SONNY BOY.. WHAT WERE YOU **SNEAKING** OUT OF THE HOUSE *FOR?!!*
I'-I'LL TELL YA ***LATER! GET AWAY*** FROM THAT HOUSE! ***QUICK!.. LET ME GO!!***
YOU FOOL!. THERE'S A BOMB IN THAT HOUSE!!.. IT'LL GO OFF ***ANY MINUTE!!...***
HEEDLESS OF HIS **OWN** DANGER,..*FATHER TIME* RACES INTO THE ***DOOMED HOUSE!***
SENATOR ROGERS..I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
4


But.. AT THAT MOMENT...
BOOM
TOO LATE!.. BUT THIS TIME THAT RAT RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.. WON'T GET AWAY!
LIKE A MIGHTY AVENGER FROM ANOTHER WORLD, FATHER TIME OVERTAKES THE THUG..
YOU AGAIN!..I THOUGHT THE EXPLOSION KILLED YOU!
IT DIDN'T!!.. NOW TELL ME WHO'S BEHIND THESE EXPLOSIONS,.. OR I'LL TEAR YOU APART!
FATHER TIME WRINGS A CONFESSION FROM THE COWARDLY CROOK!
OWWW! MY NECK!.. IT--IT'S ZARPO!. HE WANTS REVENGE BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT REFUSED HIS BOMB!
A FEW MINUTES LATER,.. A SPEEDING TRUCK TAKES ON A NEW PASSENGER!..
NOW ZARPO WILL RECKON WITH FATHER TIME
A SHORT TIME LATER
HERE WE ARE!
5


WHILE BACK IN ZARPO'S HIDEOUT.
HEY, BOSS! LOOK HERE QUICK!
WHAT IS IT?!!
IT.. IT'S FATHER TIME, BOSS!. HE MUST BE WISE TO US!...
HA! WE'LL GIVE HIM QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN HE COMES IN!
BREAKING INTO THE HIDEOUT FATHER TIME FINDS...
WELCOME, FRIEND!...WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, TIE HIM UP, MIKE!
ZARPO TOSSES ONE OF HIS BOMBS NEAR THE "HELPLESS" FATHER TIME..
HA, WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY. THERE WILL BE NONE TO STOP ME.. WITH MY BOMB I SHALL BE ABLE TO BE RULER OF A NATION... FAREWELL, ---- FATHER TIME..
TICK TOCK
DID WE SAY "HELPLESS" FATHER TIME?
IT'S A GOOD THING THEY LEFT MY SCYTHE HERE.. NOW.. TO GET AFTER THOSE MAD-MEN!
TICK TOCK
Outside OF THE HIDEOUT, A FEW MOMENTS LATER..
HA, HA, AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FAMOUS FATHER TIME!
BOOM!
RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU! THE JUSTICE OF FATHER TIME WILL REACH OUT FOR YOU NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE!!
CHEEZ! WHAT'S THAT?!! ??
IT SOUNDED LIKE FATHER TIME!
B..BUT HE'S DEAD!
THE TICKING SECONDS WILL BRING JUSTICE HOME TO YOU! I SWEAR IT!
6


RUNNING WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT!
VEOOW! YOU AGAIN?!
AND NOW FOR YOU, ZARPO!
HE CAN'T BE ALIVE!.. HE'S NOT HUMAN!
OOOFF!
TICK TOCK
THE MURDEROUS ZARPO HURLS HIS DEATH BOMB AT FATHER TIME,.. BUT THE CRIME-FIGHTERS SCYTHE SAVES HIM AGAIN!
SWISH!
BOOM
AND SO MY SCYTHE HAS ONCE AGAIN SWEPT THE EARTH OF A MAD KILLER, AS IT WILL CONTINUE TO DO.. IN DAYS TO COME!
JUST AS SURE AS THE SANDS OF TIME CONTINUE TO FLOW INTO ETERNITY.... SO WILL FATHER TIME CONTINUE HIS BATTLE AGAINST CRIME... WATCH FOR HIM IN THE NEXT CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS...